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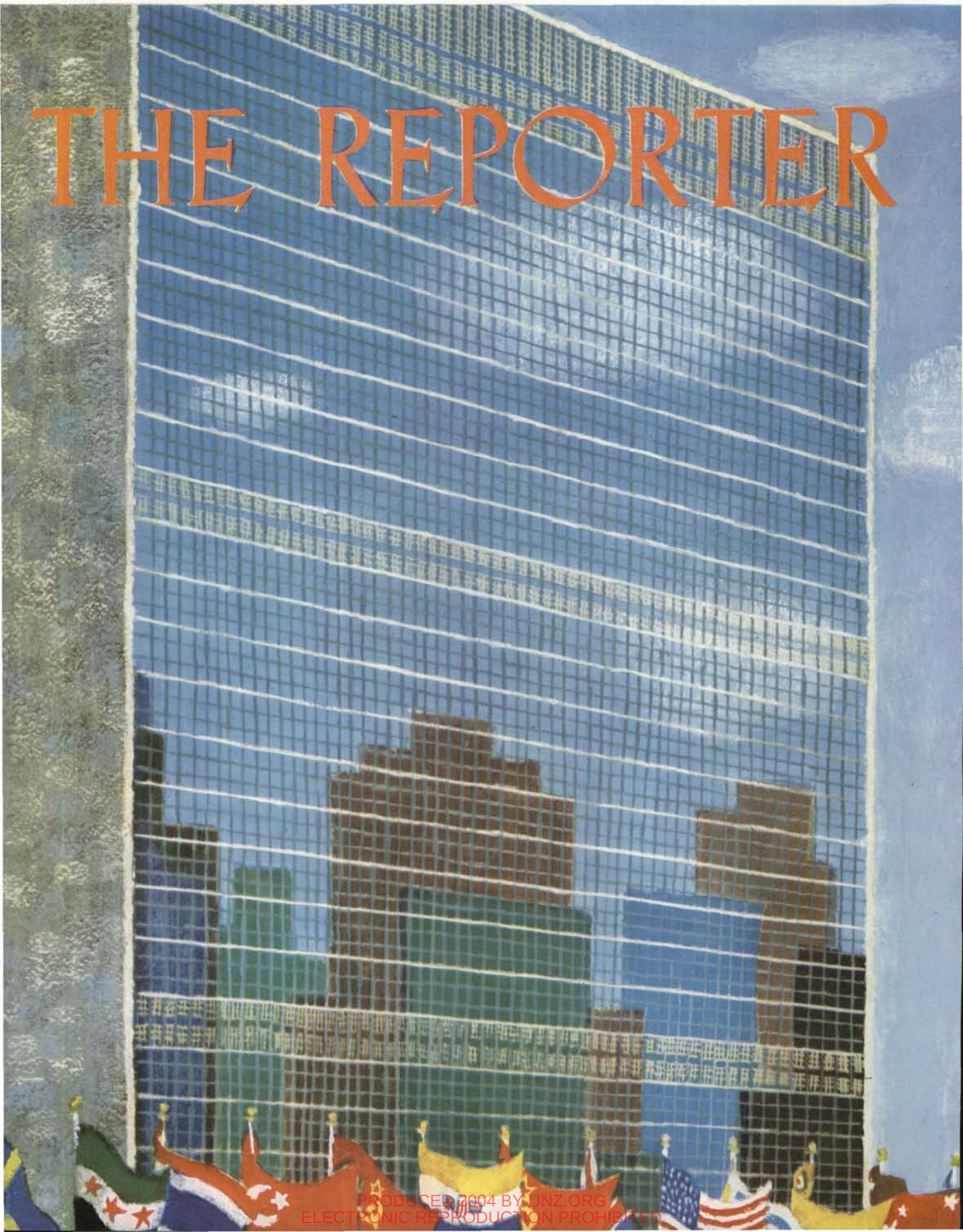

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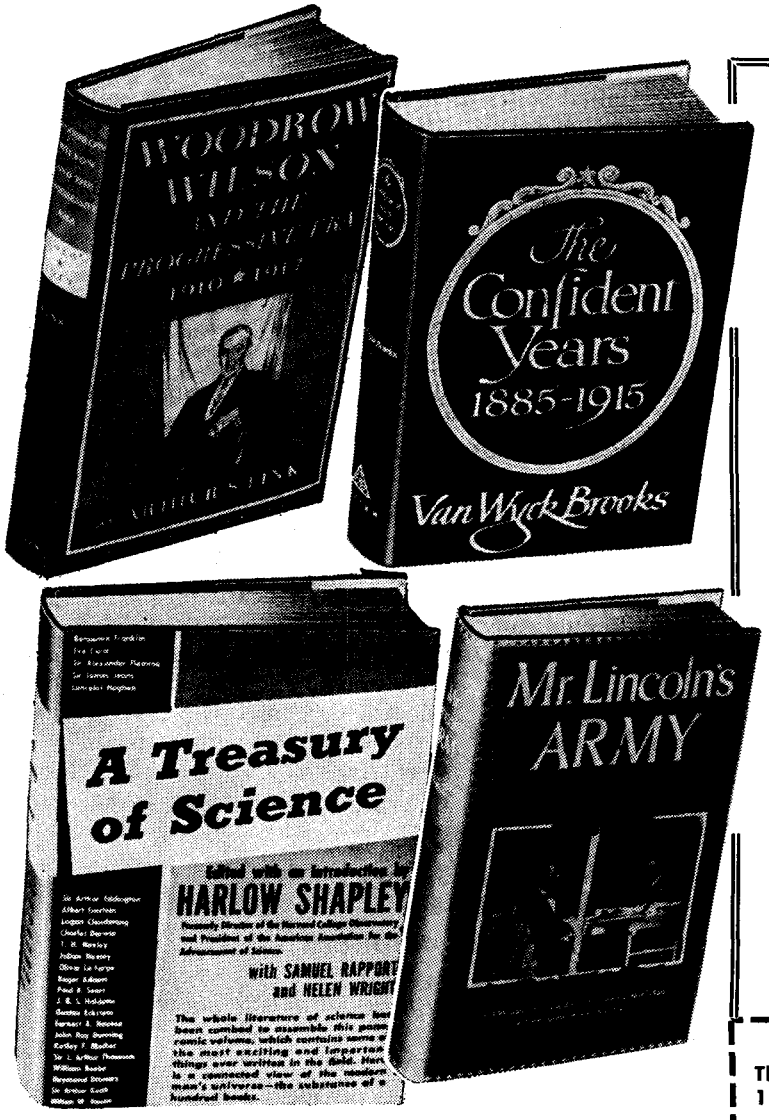

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Eureka:

Ever since the high G.O.P. leadership started proclaiming to the world the basic principles of its diplomatic and strategic policy, our days have been heavy with despondency and bewilderment. Indeed, increasingly so as time went by and those sonorous pronouncements—like "dynamic and aggressive foreign policy," "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," "massive retaliation," "seizing the initiative," "rollback" of the Iron Curtain—stubbornly remained just pronouncements. This bewilderment of ours toward the "New Look" in defense and foreign policies we have always considered our least claim to originality.

Now, however, we are glad to announce that perhaps we have found the explanation of the whole "New Look" riddle. Surprisingly enough, the person who put us on the trail of our discovery is Vice-President Nixon.

We had never seen that young statesman so choked with indignation as when, in his radio and television appearances during the last two days of the campaign, he blasted Adlai Stevenson. According to the Vice-President, Stevenson in his Cooper Union address of October 30 had launched "one of the most vicious, scurrilous attacks ever made by a major political figure on a President of the United States."

And what had the unfortunate Stevenson said? Only this: "But more disturbing still is that not just the Vice-President and the Republican campaigners but now the President himself has affirmed the proposition that our prosperity has been achieved in the past only at the price of war and bloodshed. This of course had been standard Communist propaganda for years and is believed by many to prove that the United States is ready to precipitate war in order to save capitalism."

Adlai Stevenson's remarks were not unjustified, considering that on October 28 the President had said in Detroit: "The only times in twenty years we have had full employment have been the height of war years, and we have gotten into the impression that the two words 'war' and 'prosperity' were connected."

Mr. Nixon obviously had construed that sober remark of Adlai Stevenson as a serious provocation—a provocation so serious that the Vice-President decided to inflict instant massive retaliation on Stevenson. At least in this instance the Republicans lived up to their word.

THIS LITTLE idea kept spinning around in our mind in the days that followed. Perhaps, we thought, the Republican or "New Look" strategy is aimed only at destroying Democrats. This last campaign had been "dynamic and aggressive," like a force of nature, and the Republicans had certainly "seized the initiative" from the Democrats. They were hell-bent to "roll back" that Democratic majority which had been clearly indicated by the Maine elections and the private polls. A few days ago, in an interview with *U. S. News & World Report*, Mr. Nixon practically said that the Republicans would have fared much better at the polls if they had "unleashed" McCarthy.

As far as we are concerned, we have no doubts now. The "psychological warfare" the Republicans have set their hearts on is aimed at the extermination—crusade style—of their internal opponents rather than the external enemies of our nation. The Allied peoples who have been so nervous and sometimes frightened since the outpouring of the "New Look" pronouncements began can relax now. The only people legiti-

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American freedoms, for they are dangerous now.
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Stripped of your greatest arm: the right to know,
Doubt, differ; the right to reason why—
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—SEC

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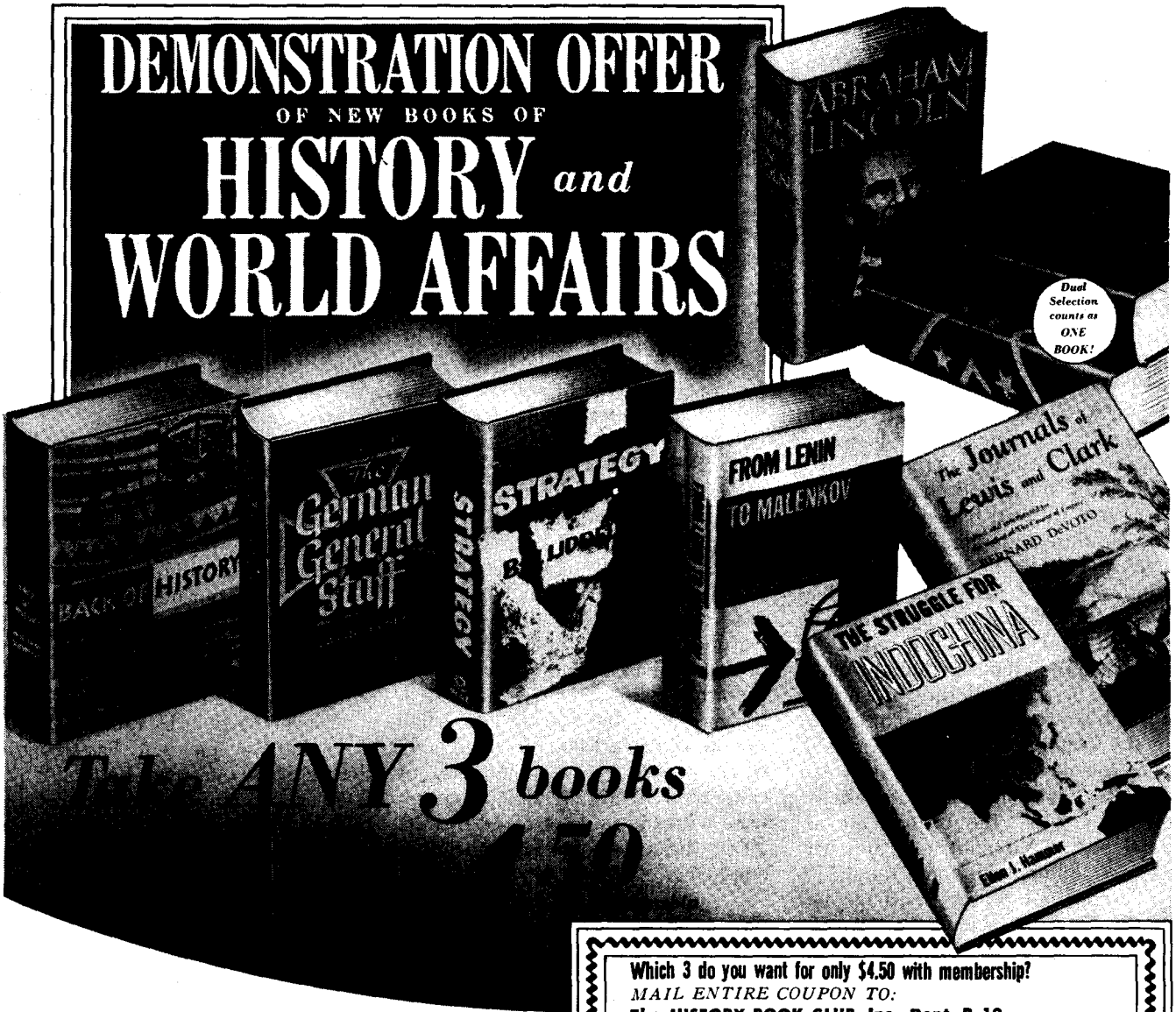

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mately entitled to be nervous if not frightened are the Americans.

Little Mr. Diem

A dispatch to the Washington *Post and Times Herald* from Ferdinand Kuhn in Saigon describes with considerable pessimism the difficulties that a quiet little man we once knew in New York is facing now as Premier of non-Communist Vietnam. Of one thing we are sure: Ngo Dinh Diem is talking to his countrymen in precisely the same manner in which he used to talk to us—that is to say with earnestness and charm—and on the same subject: his country's need for absolute independence.

As a Catholic, he wanted the Communists out of his country; he had been educated in France, but he wanted—and wants—the French out of his country too. He thought when he was here that getting rid of the French was the surest way to get rid of the Communists because, he said, a nation must be free before it can put its heart into the defense of freedom. Well, the French are almost out of Vietnam now, but Mr. Diem is finding the going tough.

The United States, "perhaps because it is tired of backing unsavory characters to fight Communism," writes Mr. Kuhn, is backing idealistic little Mr. Diem. We are glad this is so. A military leader, a practical politician, or a tyrant might seem likelier choices than a Mr. Diem to unite non-Communist Vietnam and hold it together. Only time can tell whether we have gone too far in the opposite direction but, considering that since the war we have been backing one Darlan after another, we certainly felt good when we learned that even in as explosive a country as Vietnam the experiment of backing an honest man is being tried.

Mr. Dulles's Ordeal

Some of the most authoritative columnists have recently provided precious information that helped the public greatly in deciding to whom sympathy should go in the case of John Paton Davies. Mr. Davies has been given very friendly treatment by the country's outstanding newspapers, even by those which usually hew most faithfully to the Republican line. Now, however, thanks to the information provided by the authoritative columnists, one can see the whole case in perspective.

Arthur Krock, for instance, wrote in the New York *Times*, "Dulles . . . was troubled"; "The unhappy Dulles would gladly have allowed Davies to resign . . ."; ". . . Dulles was a most disconsolate principal in the drama . . ." Others have written about his "ordeal," for Mr. Dulles was not a free agent and could not help doing, with the deepest regret, what he had to do.

Yet Mr. Dulles could have acted rather differently. President Eisenhower's Executive order of April 27, 1953, says that any information that a person should not in the interests of national security be retained in government service "shall be forwarded to the head of the employing department or agency or his representative, who, after such investigation as may be appropriate, shall review, or cause to be reviewed, and, where necessary, re-adjudicate, or cause to be re-adjudicated, in accordance with the said act of August 26, 1950, the case of such officer or employee."

James Reston of the New York *Times*, in commenting on the Dulles decision, wrote, ". . . it is difficult to see how he could do otherwise, or indeed to see how he could clear himself if his record were subjected to the tests applied to Mr. Davies." This terse statement perhaps gives the best clue to what happened inside Dulles. The Secretary of State is a glutton for punishment. He punished himself by ending the career of an admirable public servant. Now Davies is a free man—free from governmental servitude, from salary and pension. But the Secretary of State must stay on the job, weighed down by his own unhappiness. According to Reston he seems to have doubts even "whether the security regulations are right . . ."

Having thus gained an understanding of Mr. Dulles's plight, we are apprehensive. Will the day ever come when Mr. Dulles may decide to punish himself directly and retire to private life on Duck Island in Lake Ontario?

We shudder at the prospect, for we do not rejoice at anybody's pain. However, with reliance on our own fortitude, we feel sure that if the thing happens, we can take it.

Who Volunteers as Guinea Pig?

In recent issues of *The Reporter* we have printed a number of articles and editorials that dealt with the threat to mankind posed by the new hydrogen weapons. Now that admirable magazine *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* brings some corroboration that we call to our readers' attention.

One article, by James R. Arnold of the Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago, establishes that the Japanese fishing vessel caught in the radioactive "fall-out" that followed our nuclear tests in the Pacific last spring was definitely outside the 30,000-square-mile prohibited zone and was seventy-two miles from the test site.

A second article, by Ralph E. Lapp, says that the "incident" has wrought havoc with our own Federal Civil Defense Administration. Its previous plans were based on the assumption that the major danger came from blast effects. The answer to this was supposed to be "duck-and-cover" or "stay-put" tactics. Apparently it took three or four months for the FCDA to realize the implications of the Japanese injuries, but it has revised its policy. Now its plan is to "deploy urbanites to the suburbs beyond the 12 to 14 mile radius of the city."

Meanwhile, says Dr. Arnold, "There is one thing the United States government can and must do, if tests continue. This is to have sense and maturity enough to admit injuries have occurred when in fact they have occurred." He sees three alternatives for future tests: "to conduct them within the continental United States, to conduct them in a spot even more remote than the Marshalls, or to stick to Eniwetok, but be more careful."

Dr. Arnold preferred the first, even though casualties would probably be increased, on the ground that our search for national security is a collective responsibility of the American people. If there are going to be any guinea pigs in peacetime tests, we cannot look for them outside our own borders.

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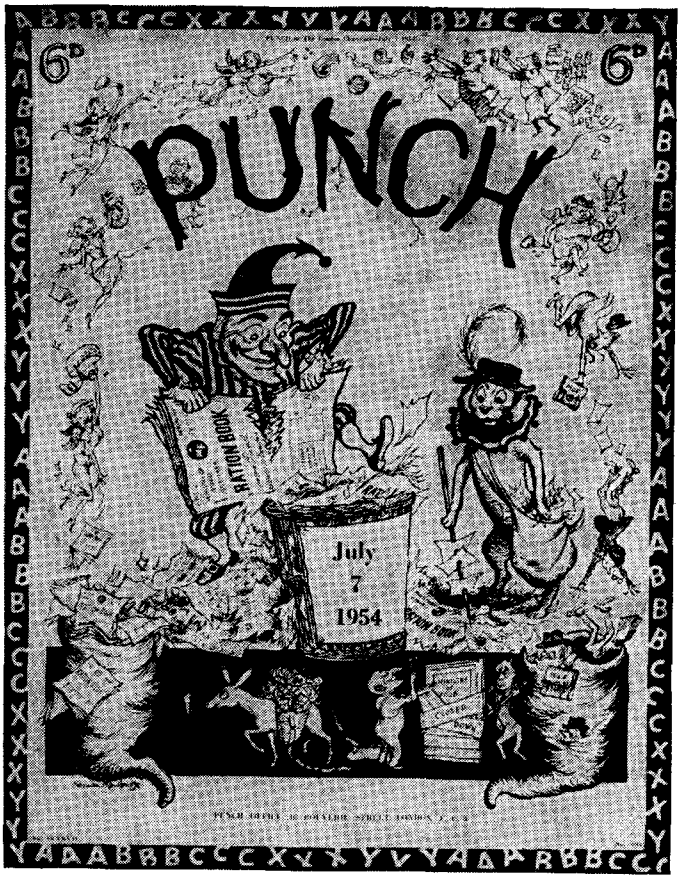

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS A matter of vital interest to look periodically at the United Nations, to take stock of that organization's notable achievements and undeniable failures. The U.N. may look unchanged since the San Francisco days, but the role it plays in our life is changing constantly. In this issue, **Max Ascoli** examines the hard core that makes the U.N. more than ever indispensable in our times. **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** looks at the future of the organization with practical realism and finds the chances for its growth so great that they challenge the imagination. **William R. Frye** describes how multilateral negotiations between East and West are being conducted and how they achieve some results in spite of all the oratorical flurries. Mr. Berle, former Assistant Secretary of State, has recently published *The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution*, which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue. Mr. Frye is U.N. correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

THERE has certainly been a change in Soviet foreign policy since Stalin's death, but it can be measured only by inches and can be reversed at any time. **Isaac Deutscher** describes the results of the Russians' new policy toward China and the satellite nations of Eastern Europe. Mr. Deutscher is the author of *Stalin: A Political Biography*.

British Labourite **Sam Watson,** who brings us his firsthand report on Mao Tse-tung's China, went down into the mines at the age of fourteen and worked at the coal face for twenty-four years. He has been on the Labour Party's Executive Committee for fifteen years.

If anyone is qualified to speak about the co-operative movement in the United States it is **Murray D. Lincoln,** who, as president of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., president of CARE, and former head of the Ohio State Farm Bureau, has long represented its spirit and achievement.

The debate continues in these pages on the influence of absolute weapons upon our diplomacy and strategy. The few unhappy men who bear the curse of knowing fully the destructive power of these weapons are far from being in agreement among themselves. Even when one of them speaks to the public, as does Mr. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, with the full background of his knowledge, the report which is brought out is the object of profound disagreement among thoughtful people. Mr. Finletter's *Power and Policy* is in our opinion an event, not merely a book. This is why we publish two divergent articles on the subject—not to confuse our readers but to make them realize how complex the issues are. **Walter Millis** is now consultant to the Fund for the Republic. **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,** Associate Professor of History at Harvard, served in the Office of Strategic Services during the war.

When Senator Lehman asked to have **Eric Sevareid's** broadcast on John Paton Davies inserted in the *Congressional Record*, Senator McCarthy said, "I will object to any eulogy about any pro-Communist being placed in the *Record*."

MILAN'S great opera house that so fascinated Stendhal maintains and increases its reputation for perfectionism. **Martin Mayer,** whose first novel will be published next year, reports on how La Scala's reputation has been earned.

Before his election to the Senate from Oregon, Richard L. Neuberger wrote a book in which he stated his political faith in terms neither vague nor theoretical. **Henry Steele Commager** points out how a man can be for states' rights in a constructive way.

Our Art Editor, **Reg Massie,** comments on the work of an artist whom he knows and admires.

Virgilia Peterson, moderator of "The Author Meets the Critics," reviews Hamilton Basso's latest novel.

Our cover is by **Donald Higgins.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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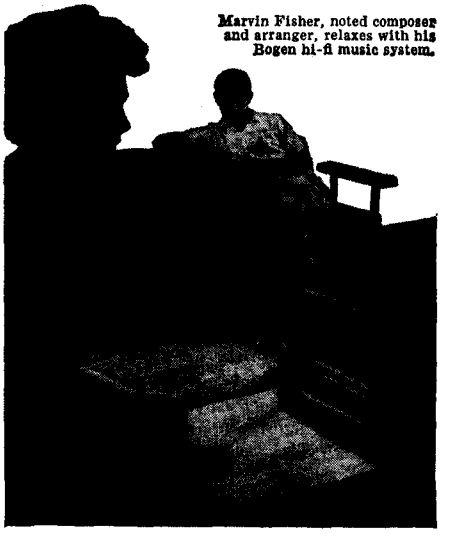

Marvin Fisher, noted composer and arranger, relaxes with his Bogen hi-fi music system.

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CORRESPONDENCE

EINSTEIN'S LETTER

To the Editor: Like you, I was deeply disturbed by Albert Einstein's statement that if he were a young man again in our security-ridden society he would not choose to be a scientist. I cannot agree with those who have argued that Einstein's pessimism should have been suppressed. It is far better to bring these things out into the open and face them honestly. As you said in your comment on the letter, "We need such shocks." Thank you for having had the courage to publish the Einstein letter.

ALDEN MARTIN
Cleveland

To the Editor: The letter of Dr. Einstein in your November 18 issue is a tragic note in the current struggle for the freedom of mind and spirit. Real living can never be a matter of passive enjoyment of freedom. The only living worth while is a continuous battle for truth and the right to pursue truth. And even plumbers are involved in mankind.

Does Dr. Einstein mean that scientists want only to enjoy the benefits of freedom and to be above the battle and immune from its woes? Scientists are now playing such a vital role in our struggle for survival that it is indeed serious if they are indifferent to or ignorant of the state of social affairs. It is a great disappointment to find Dr. Einstein desiring escape from the struggle rather than showing an understanding of it and a keen desire to make his contribution in the battle that can never be won once and for all.

RUTH ROETTINGER
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

DIXON-YATES

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's article "The ABC of Dixon-Yates" (*The Reporter*, October 21) is by far the best summary that has been done, and I congratulate him on the job. The interesting thing to me, personally, has been how little some basic aspects of the whole matter have been touched upon. For instance, the proposal we have made [Mr. von Tresckow's firm attempted to submit a competitive bid against the Dixon-Yates proposal] is one which permits the production of power by private enterprise at the same cost as though the government were producing it. We felt that this was a very important contribution to the private vs. public power controversy. As a matter of fact, our proposal was designed to preserve the advantages of cheap public power and, at the same time, permit private enterprise to provide the funds and the management. We had the naïve thought that Republicans would be all in favor of that kind of solution for one of the major problems facing the country.

Another aspect of the Dixon-Yates proposal which seems to have had very little attention is that, since we or the TVA could produce that power for at least $150 million less than Dixon-Yates, $150 million worth of purchasing power is being taken from the many and given to the few. This is the very process that brought about the depression of the 1930's.

As a Republican I don't like to admit it, yet in all fairness I must: The redistribution of income to labor, the farmers, and the unemployed and aged, which Mr. Roosevelt practically forced down the throats of us Republicans, brought us back on our feet and has provided us with a greater prosperity than we have ever had in this country previously. To have this trend reversed by Executive directive seems to us to be a very important step, which should be defeated.

Many businessmen, both Democrats and Republicans, are thoroughly against our national government readopting a policy that proved so disastrous in the past.

WALTER VON TRESCKOW
New York

MENTAL THERAPY

To the Editor: Thank you for Marya Mannes's informative article on the Austen Riggs Center (*The Reporter*, November 4). Although the small patient load per physician seems like pure luxury at long range, it is justified in that valuable information is made available to psychiatrists who must treat much larger numbers of patients.

MELVIN L. SELZER, M.D.
Ypsilanti, Michigan

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's article on the Austen Riggs Center offers encouraging news of one of the forward-looking elements in the present-day treatment for emotional ill-health. But her allusion to occupational therapy as that place in the treatment of mental disease "to weave baskets or make belts" is unfortunate. It leaves the impression that O.T. is a static profession, still concerned with "busy work" and craft teaching.

We occupational therapists are also aware that "occupation is valueless without involvement."

BRUCE FESSENDEN, OTR
Natick, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Let me say first that in many hospitals, departments rightly or wrongly dubbed "occupational therapy" are inadequate. This is similar to the sort of situation mentioned in the article when one doctor has four hundred patients. When the case load is too great, facilities too limited, or staff poorly trained, the crafts or occupational-therapy department of a hospital cannot function as would be desirable.

But it does not follow that all occupational therapy in the area of mental health is bad or valueless. The registered occupational therapist, in her years of training, studies psychiatry and psychology as well as her work in other disabilities. She studies crafts in relation to their emotional content, so that she can pick one to serve the desired purpose for each patient. The therapist, from her knowledge of mental dynamics, tries to give each patient those activities which will be of most help. If the doctor says that a patient needs an outlet for aggression, she may introduce woodworking, with hammering and sawing. If, however, the patient needs to learn to control expression of hostility, she would avoid such an activity, and instead use one such as stenciling. Always her primary concern is not the craft produced but the effect on the patient as he works.

BARBARA REYNOLDS
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the Editor: Miss Mannes has expressed warmly, fairly, and fully the existence and experience of Riggs—a unique and masterful achievement previously accomplished by no one, although many have tried it.

My qualifications for this opinion are: nearly one thousand hours of direct analytical therapy at Riggs, untold hours of indirect therapy through Riggs's activities and associates, charter involvement in patient group participation in Riggs community life, and recipient of manifold Riggs staff time, energy, and affection.

In short, I am a Riggs patient on the last lap of complete analysis at Riggs with a responsible full-time job in a nearby community, a deep religious faith (Unitarianism) which evolved as a natural choice through the enlightenment of my treatment, and great hope for the future.

NAME WITHHELD
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

'I'M GUILTY!'

To the Editor: Of all the reports on the hysteria and disorder surrounding our security program, Anthony Lewis's article "Our Security Program Need Not Be Unfair" (*The Reporter*, November 4) is the first that has described it in the cold terms of personal injustice. Frankly, it scares hell out of me. The article has already provoked me to write to my Congressmen—an action which I sincerely hope will be taken by every reader—and to make a nuisance of myself among friends urging them to read it.

If a man can be suspended from his job (without pay) and branded a "security risk" for such evils as criticizing the American Legion, reading *Consumer Reports*, or attending noisy parties, then I myself am suspect—indeed, guilty!

L. VAN HOOSEN
Hermosa Beach, California

ERIC SEVAREID

To the Editor: I am glad to see *The Reporter* print some of Eric Sevareid's radio essays. Many times, after listening to him on the radio, I have thought I would like to have a copy of his commentary to read over. There is such depth to his thinking that his remarks are well worth preserving for further contemplation, besides the pleasure of reading a master of the English language.

One sure way you can improve your already valuable service to American liberalism is to print one of Mr. Sevareid's essays in each issue.

W. P. CAMPBELL
Rockville, Maryland

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San Francisco to 42nd Street

SINCE THE BEGINNING, even before it got its Charter at San Francisco, we have called it "U.N." in our country, with the "O" clipped off. We had no patience with that third letter, which is still used in a number of other countries: This had to be not just another Organization but *the* union of all free, peace-loving nations, destined sooner or later to follow the pattern laid down in Philadelphia by the original thirteen American states. Like our Constitution, the Charter begins loftily, "We, the peoples . . ."

The notion that the new international order would project on a world-wide scale a type of commonwealth that had already been successfully tried out in several countries, most of all in ours—this notion was an article of faith among generous men everywhere. In his address to the final session of the San Francisco Conference of 1945, President Truman said: ". . . Like this Charter, our Constitution came from a free and sometimes bitter exchange of conflicting opinions. When it was adopted, no one regarded it as a perfect document. But it grew and developed and expanded. And upon it there was built a bigger, a better, a more perfect union. This Charter, like our own Constitution, will be expanded and improved as time goes on. . . ."

Time has gone by. During these nine crowded years, the Charter has been neither expanded nor improved. There is no evidence that a world-wide, supranational community is in the making that might conclude and perfect the process which in every continent has brought about the establishment of nations. There is even less evidence that this supranational community, the U.N., can have, to use the expression of Alexander Hamilton, its authority extended "to the persons of the citizens." During these nine years, quite a number of the peoples of the United Nations in whose name the Charter was signed have seen "the dignity and worth of the human person" debased rather than enhanced.

THE U.N. of San Francisco was designed to evolve, in the more or less distant future, into a world government of some sort. But shortly after San Francisco, the western democracies came to realize that the Soviet Union with its satellites was a world government in being, determined to extend its jurisdiction all over the globe.

If our nation had kept its monopoly of absolute weapons, it is exceedingly doubtful whether we would ever have used them to wipe out the Communist menace. Now a balance of terror has been established between ourselves and the Russians. What are the chances that absolute weapons will be used by the Russians to achieve their goal of a Soviet world, or by us to stop the advance of Communism? Not great, perhaps. But mankind cannot live with such a perhaps.

The need for a positive answer brought into being the lean, tense U.N. of today. Frail as it seems, this U.N. rests on formidable, unshakable foundations such as the San Francisco lawmakers could not even dream of, for they concluded their work about six weeks before the blast at Hiroshima. Today, when the Hiroshima-type bomb is considered a "conventional" weapon, the prospect of coextinction hovers over all men. Only in the U.N. can the human animal find the means to preserve his supremacy on this earth.

In nine years, the U.N. has moved from the realm of metaphysical politics designed for an indefinite future into one where the primary need is of physical survival for the present. Drastic as this change is, there is no reason to consider it a portent of inevitable doom—if only we learn what use to make of the U.N. as it is.

Here is the only spot on earth where the conflict of ideologies and of interests between our world and that of the Communists can be subjected to checks strong enough and effective enough to prevent the suicide of the race. The control of armament, nuclear or conventional, is not enough to prevent the outbreak of a new world war. To be effective, it must be accompanied by a constant effort to establish among conflicting interests some common ground, some commonly accepted limits, so that economic and political changes can be brought into our world without destroying it.

This means that in the U.N. of today every organized government—from Franco to Mao—irrespective of ideologies or the way it treats its people, must have its place. For the ultimate disaster of a nuclear war would involve all peoples, not only those of the protagonist nations.

THE U.N. of today is the indispensable association of ruling governments and not of "We, the peoples." This is a disheartening consequence of these nine years, made somewhat bearable by the thought that rulers too are members of the human race.

There is an elemental, almost animal character in the U.N. we have now—the one place where the human breed can bind itself into an anti-suicide pact and make it work. When this is accomplished, we can be confident that freedom will ultimately prevail, for it is the health of the human breed.

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Our Best Guarantee Of National Security

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

THE UNITED NATIONS has consistently been attacked by a minority in the United States. Some groups tried to make continued American support of the world body a substantial issue in this fall's political campaign, and they were obviously getting ready for the Presidential campaign of 1956. Governors J. Bracken Lee of Utah and Goodwin J. Knight of California refused to join in celebrating United Nations Day. And in some Pacific Coast cities pressure has been brought to exclude U.N. material from the public schools.

The idea apparently is to make American participation in the United Nations a political football, and if possible to build up support for withdrawal. This attack presents a real danger to the security of the United States.

The United Nations offers the best policy of long-range insurance—the best guideline to future safety that the United States now has. Surprisingly, the United Nations is rapidly becoming equally necessary to the hopes of the people who live in the Soviet Union, and probably to those of the Chinese as well. For smaller countries it is practically essential. The stake all countries, irrespective of size or form of government, have in the United Nations is probably the strongest basis for believing that world peace can be achieved.

Evidence of this can be found if we look at only three problems—and there are plenty more. Any of them may well be the focal point on which world diplomacy and world power—and with them, world peace—will turn by the time the children now in kindergartens take their place in affairs.

The three problems are:

¶Disarmament—our safety and that of our children.

¶International economics—our living standards and those of our children.

¶The end of colonialism, which is bringing new protagonists into the drama of history.

In all three situations the case for the United Nations rests at least as much on realism as it does on idealism. To understand this, one must take a square and steady look at a staggering picture. If it sounds like an H. G. Wells fantasy, the writer cannot help it. The data are, if anything, understated.

War

Foreign relations are conducted by the United States, as by other nations, to safeguard the country and to advance its national interest. The job involves the foreseeable tomorrow as well as today. We know a good deal about the foreseeable tomorrow because the scientists are busy making it for us, and the engineers everywhere are already putting it on their drawing boards. The fact is that the position of this country—indeed, of any country—will be fearfully precarious within a few years unless the United Nations achieves world-wide institutional and political strength so as to be able to serve everybody's interests. Likewise, it will become increasingly suicidal for any country to fail to join in strengthening the United Nations.

LET US look first at the position of the United States. We are in substantial military danger now, and that danger will increase. Our military experts understand this perfectly. Our war colleges (notably the Air War College maintained by the United States Air Force) study it anxiously and continuously. We could be atom-bombed tonight by long-range Soviet Union aircraft. No adequate defense against such attack has yet been worked out; it is not even certain that adequate defense is possible. There is, however, an adequate deterrent: American ability to retaliate terribly. No one but a lunatic could expect to wipe out, even in a surprise strike, all the bases from which devastating American reprisal could be launched. There is thus a temporary military balance.

But the Soviet Union, the United States, and probably other countries are rapidly developing long-range rocket-type guided missiles. Probably within five years from now, and almost certainly within ten, either of the two remaining great powers, perhaps both, will have learned how to fire large numbers of reasonably accurate intercontinental rockets with hydrogen warheads. (The Germans were within measurable distance of intercontinental guided missiles at the close of the Second World War.) It is not yet possible to know who will win this technical race. The winner, temporarily at least, is likely to be in a position to deliver a blow that would even prevent effective reprisal.

This is only the beginning. It seems probable that thirty years from now even small countries like Sweden and Egypt will be able to launch enough guided missiles with hydrogen warheads to damage a country like the Soviet Union or perhaps destroy a country like Britain. Science has a way of making its processes plentiful and cheap. We are approaching a stage in which destruction will be not a great-power mo-

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nopoly but available to anyone. When that stage arrives, disarmament becomes not a pawn in great-power politics but a vital necessity for all hands.

I myself do not believe that a surprise attack by aircraft now or by guided missiles later on will be made at all. We speculated about possible catastrophe before the Soviet Union had developed the atomic bomb and the capacity to drop it by long-range airplane on American cities. That day arrived two or three years ago. The peril seems to have been navigated, despite the fact that a hot war was raging in Korea. Other peril points will also be dealt with; only extremity of fear or the madness of a Hitler would bring on the holocaust. And yet the hard fact is that foreign relations now are—and will be—necessarily conducted against this background of Buck Rogers come true. Gone are the calculations in which relatively limited ground warfare was the ultimate method of resolving an international crisis. Ground and even air warfare were relatively predictable. The new technical logic of war has ceased to have any predictable territorial limits. National boundaries, nation-states, neutrality, and so forth mean little in this context. It follows that the conduct of international affairs must be at least as comprehensive in its outlook as is the range of possible conflict.

Now, a sardonic paradox. The Soviet Union is rapidly approaching much the same position as the United States. Its two hundred million people, spread sparsely over a huge area, would be no match for a Chinese nationalism on the march with a population of six hundred million equipped with modern weapons and capable of moving, as did Genghis Khan's Mongols, over the entire Russian area. China today may be considered part of the Russian Communist complex. And yet it will certainly be able to assert its separate power before many years. Revolutions like the Chinese commonly evolve into violent imperialist movements that are nationalist in aim. There is little doubt that the Russians are already uneasily conscious of this possibility—and to the Chinese, Russian territory is attractively adjacent and seductively uncrowded.

These facts, accompanied by the less predictable technological development of the twentieth century, suggest that the respective underlying problems of Russian and American statesmen are not quite as different as the propaganda of both would suggest. If we Americans are beset with peril in this heaving tide of world affairs, the Russians, contemplating the position of their country twenty-five years hence, have still greater reason for concern. My own feeling is that the Russians know that in the long run their destiny is very likely to lie with the West—unless, of course, they are willing to become a subject population in an Oriental empire—as they were from about 1220 to about 1480 when the Mongol hordes ruled Russia.

Nothing less than a well-developed, effective world combination can possibly handle the state of affairs that will face both the United States and the Soviet Union—

not to mention most other countries—within a decade or so.

Temporarily, great regional combinations can serve current necessity, and they have long-range implications as well. This is why they are coming into existence. The concept of a united Europe continues to progress even through the heavy weather that besets the west European union worked out at London and Paris in October, 1954. The Organization of American States in the Western Hemisphere appears likely to grow stronger as time goes on. Not improbably, other groupings, like the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO), will also gather headway. These groups set up a provisional balance of power and ever larger common denominators of action; they unquestionably work toward eventual world solution. I would not be surprised to find the Soviet Union within a few years demanding admission to NATO for motives of its own national protection, or India requiring admission in some similar combination to ease the danger of its present exposed neutralism. The scientists are working faster than the politicians all the time. Regional solutions are only provisional.

The task is to give direction and constructive lines of action to this huge redeployment of affairs. It is, therefore, somewhat amazing when Americans, who take space ships in their stride, are asked by supposedly serious politicians to follow an international policy based on the geography of flintlock rifles or the diplomacy of fortified trenches.

The only present instrument that seems capable of dealing with future events on the scale of their actual scope today is the United Nations. As U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld has said, "The increasing danger of destruction will sooner or later force us out of a system of balance of power into a system of true and universal international co-operation."

Economics

Not less spectacular than the problem of disarmament is that of international economics. If anything is clear, it is that the nation-state by itself is no longer an operational economic unit. Professor Arnold Toynbee has proclaimed the passing of the nation-state on philosophical grounds, but we can rest here on the more earthy base of trade, exchange, commerce, and supply. Even the largest countries must trade with much of the world for essential supplies. Smaller states must have access to the larger ones for markets and for simple necessities. The penalty of interruption is at best unemployment, at worst starvation.

Populations are already rebelling at an international economic system of violent price movements that make them rich today and sentence them to beggary tomorrow. There is increasing quarrel with the hazards of a set of national currency systems, disorder in any one of which may

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wreck the orderly life of entire regions. The United States is dimly aware of this now, and will find it a pressing problem as rejuvenated European production expands. Like it or not, we shall be thinking within a few years not simply of Marshall Plans but of wide international pools where supply and demand, production and need, can be brought together, with finance used primarily as a means of assuring production, transport, and consumption. (South America is putting that problem forcefully to the United States now at the current Economic Conference of American States in Rio de Janeiro.)

Americans who fret today at "giveaway" programs are more likely to be concerned tomorrow about how to assure supplies of material, and to pay for them by overseas export.

America, like the Soviet Union, has a relatively favorable place in the economic struggle—a highly developed technology in a large land area where there is not too great a population. The catch is that the American position increasingly depends on crucial supplies from outside the American area, just as the German economy depended on such supplies and proved vulnerable in two world wars.

Conversely, whole populations outside the United States depend on our consumption and prices. As regional groupings grow, they will pool their economic trump cards—the Soviet Union is pooling the cards of the Communist world at this moment. Collective use of the economic power to refuse to supply or refuse to buy—or to barter here and withhold there—was a card the Nazi economists played with terrible effect. Add the resources of Southeast Asia—rice, rubber, tin, and so forth—to one or another of the regional combinations now in formation, and the world economic balance may be wholly upset. Almost of necessity, world pools or clearing unions will be the serious business of international economics a generation from now—unless, of course, the United States and the Soviet Union are prepared to shoulder indefinitely the job of equating the balances in their respective worlds. But this job increases in size each year; the capacity of either to pick up the international check is not unlimited, and it is a poor expedient at best.

These are gigantic problems. They are capable of solution only by organizing the economic affairs of great areas, if not of the entire planet. Where, in the present world, can all the claims be balanced except at the United Nations?

Nationalism

No less vast, and perhaps no less fantastic, are the problems of the former or present colonies of fading empires. Already they knock at the doors of every foreign office. Here the need for the specific institution

that is already present in the United Nations is immediate and direct.

Perversely, the twentieth century has at once inspired a world-wide desire for freedom in practically all colonial populations and framed it around nationalism and the desire to create new nation-states. This is as true of the Mau Mau movement in East Africa, where the population is primitive, as it is of old countries like Tunis or composites like Indo-China. But the twentieth century has also created conditions in which new and small nationalisms cannot defend themselves—many of them cannot even eat—without organized international assistance.

Some areas in which the desire for freedom is mixed with nationalism are of extreme importance to the United States. Unless we are to have a violent struggle for control of the African continent, four-fifths of which is colonial territory, some world agency must organize the transition. Otherwise the transition will be bloody indeed. Americans have had a forceful illustration of what such struggles can mean to them. Korea, a former colony of Japan, was brought into existence without adequate protection—and the ensuing and still unsettled contest for its control cost thirty thousand American lives. The Indo-Chinese upheaval is still with us; it has cost half a billion American dollars in military expenditure, and the end is not yet. Struggle for the African colonies in the Mediterranean area might easily throw a switch that would set off a world explosion.

When empires dissolve, areas of power vacuum emerge, and low-pressure areas generate hurricanes. The Soviet Union proposes to organize and seize these areas through its Communist mechanisms, risking civil or international war in the process, as Korea taught us. The democratic nations have available to them the already existing agency of the United Nations; and another Korean lesson was that the United Nations can be used in these situations with great effectiveness.

The Only Solution

The United Nations need not be idealized. Some of its difficulties, indeed, stem directly from the impossibly idealistic hopes and dreams that surround it. In substance the U.N. organization is a continual series of international diplomatic conferences, surrounding and organized by a permanent Secretariat. Like the diplomacy of the past, it has too often moved in a world of its own. Thus far, a substantial part of diplomatic work has merely been shifted from scattered foreign offices to a beautiful modernistic building in New York. The real decisions are still made by national governments in their respective capitals or at separate conferences. There is always a certain amount of empty rhetoric in diplomatic debates. Nonetheless, diplomatic debates in the United Nations more fully than ever before in history permit public opinion to enter and to demand or influence action, and the United Nations is a living institution still in the process of growth. Often formally, though sometimes informally, most acute international issues have come before the United Nations. The list of issues met and reduced to manageable proportion is long, from the time when formal U.N. action repelled a Soviet invasion of Iran and informal action ended the Berlin

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blockade. Few major disputes, indeed, have been resolved by any other route.

The United Nations also has, as part of its institutional structure, one of the most powerful instruments for dealing with the unforeseeable and rapidly moving new world that science and economics are forcing upon us. This is its international Secretariat, which is not only capable of communicating with all governments but also has the capacity to speak independently to a substantial part of world opinion. This is the nucleus of a true "university of the world"—a real center, able to call in experts from the entire globe, into which ideas and information from all the world may be gathered and where they may be synthesized for possible application to pressing problems.

Ideas and their synthesis into practical solutions are the most powerful means of guiding events in the long run, and frequently in the short run. Sometimes they determine immediate action. More often they guide the actions of politicians a few years later. Politicians rarely develop new concepts; even if they do, little can be accomplished until the concepts have been accepted widely enough to be available as a viable basis for politics and policy. At this moment the United Nations is perhaps the only place at which crucial problems of disarmament, international economics, colonial liberation, and the like can effectively be discussed against a background of fact.

Thus the Secretariat of the United Nations can deal with these problems. It can speak with legitimacy and from time to time with authority. As it increasingly does so, it increasingly becomes a common denominator in world affairs—a common denominator whose necessity we already apprehend but which we have not yet learned to use to the fullest advantage.

A REAL DANGER to the United Nations lies in the recent tendency of statesmen—especially American statesmen—to by-pass it. This is a natural phase when an institution is new; Chief Justice John Marshall had to go about urging that cases be sent to the Supreme Court of the United States when that court was young. But the alternative method—limited conferences between a few great powers—has had a sorry record as a means of solving disputes. In comparison, the record of the United Nations fairly shines. By-passing the United Nations thus far has proved no short cut to anything; on the contrary, in most cases United Nations action has opened at least a short-range and sometimes a long-range answer. It is time now to use the United Nations on really fundamental issues. Every solution reached through it does more than resolve a problem, it makes easier the solution of the next problem. Already there are ways and means of overcoming a Russian or other veto when necessity requires.

Sound policy for the United States calls not for less United Nations action but for more. No other even remotely plausible avenue to safety has yet appeared. The lunatic-fringers who now seek to destroy the United Nations really endanger the safety and leadership of the United States, seeking to leave America isolated and alone in a century in which loneliness can mean extinction. Intelligent American patriotism calls for American leadership toward a world organized to meet the problems we know we must face.

The Day When East and West Agreed

WILLIAM R. FRYE

OCTOBER 27, 1954. New Yorkers, with umbrellas and wind-whipped raincoats, vainly wigwagged at taxicabs honking their way through rush-hour traffic. It had been raining since midafternoon, and a twenty-mile-an-hour wind was whistling down First Avenue.

Inside United Nations headquarters, in the blue-and-beige Political Committee chamber, the diplomatic weather was in sharp contrast. The heavy storm clouds seemed to be lifting. For the first time since 1946, all sixty delegates were raising their hands to vote for a resolution put forward jointly by the Soviet Union and the western powers. It was something new on the U.N. scene, and the story behind it revealed a good deal about the kind of multilateral diplomacy for which the United Nations is well suited.

Shortly before 8 P.M. on September 29, the teleprinter in the code room of the United States mission to the United Nations suddenly sprang into action.

A message from Washington, largely in French, came over the wire. Soviet delegate Andrei Vishinsky, speaking the following day in the U.N. "general debate," would submit a disarmament proposal which, among other things, would "use as a basis" an Anglo-French plan put forward the previous June.

Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov had just given the text to the French ambassador in Moscow—an extraordinary move—and French Premier Pierre Mendès-France had ordered it passed along immediately to the U.S. Embassy in Paris. No one had taken time to translate it before rushing it to New York. U.S. delegate Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., had the draft resolution even before French delegate Jules Moch got his copy. The British also got the text, via London, and the Canadians were soon in on it.

The Opposing Strategies

For the Russians to tip off the West in advance on the contents of a Vishinsky speech was virtually unprecedented. The only comparable move in recent times had been the United States's decision to give Russia in advance the text of President Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace speech in December, 1953. The Kremlin obviously was trying to build up the Vishinsky proposal.

This much was a surprise. But

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the content of the Vishinsky resolution, per se, was not. For several weeks the Russians had been dropping hints in Paris of their plans.

The motive was obvious. France was about to make a soul-searching decision on West German rearmament. If Paris could be convinced that world disarmament was on the horizon, there would be reason to delay, to hesitate. Mendès-France was hesitating anyway, and an appearance of sweet reasonableness from Moscow might tip the delicately balanced scales against British-American plans for Germany.

So long as German rearmament was not signed, sealed, and delivered, Soviet diplomacy remained a threat. Unless handled skillfully, the disarmament resolution might achieve its purpose. So the key strategists of the West sat down to map out a counterplan.

RECENT U.N. DISARMAMENT NEGOTIATIONS

On *June 11, 1954,* Great Britain and France placed before a five-nation subcommittee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission, meeting privately in London, a detailed new time schedule for disarmament. It provided for four stages: first, a freeze on manpower and military budgets; second, an arms cut and a prohibition of the manufacture of nuclear weapons; third, a further arms cut; and finally, the destruction of stockpiles of nuclear weapons. Before each stage began, a control organ would declare that it was ready "effectively to enforce" the steps required.

On *September 30, 1954,* the Soviet Union proposed in the General Assembly a disarmament treaty which it said would "use as a basis" the British-French plan of June 11. In point of fact, the Soviet proposals deviated in several important respects from the British-French plan, notably in this: that the control organ would be set up while the reductions and prohibitions in each stage were taking place, rather than before they began. The powers of the control organ were unclear. Soviet delegate Vishinsky said they would be adequate to "insure the implementation" of the treaty; but on questioning, it developed that his idea of adequacy differed widely from a U.S. control plan that had been outlined on May 25, 1954.

On *October 27, 1954,* the General Assembly's Political Committee unanimously recommended that the London subcommittee be reconstituted to continue negotiations. It consists of the United States, Britain, France, Canada, and the Soviet Union.

THERE was Selwyn Lloyd, the brilliant British lawyer turned public servant who was Eden's right-hand man.

There was Jules Moch, a sixty-one-year-old French Socialist; tall, gray-haired, with horn-rimmed spectacles and a tiny black lip mustache; a student of the Soviet Union who is convinced that the Malenkov régime wants at least ten years of peace for domestic rehabilitation. Sometimes accused of being a fellow traveler, he was the Minister of Interior who in 1947 broke up a general strike through which the Communists hoped to seize power—thereby earning the lasting hatred of the Reds. Moch undoubtedly would have preferred to help balloon Vishinsky's disarmament plan, because he too, for different reasons, was an opponent of German rearmament. But to a certain extent, at least, he was kept in check by Mendès-France. Some of the cables between the two men are said to have burned up the wires.

There was James J. Wadsworth of the United States, a forty-nine-year-old New York lawyer and politician. Six feet four inches tall, almost bald, he admits to 240 pounds. Vishinsky has been heard to refer to him as *"Monsieur L'Elephant."* His British and Canadian colleagues rejoiced in his flexibility and common sense, and shuddered to think of having had to negotiate with Moch without "Jerry" Wadsworth in the American chair.

Finally there was Paul Martin, fifty-one-year-old Canadian lawyer, Minister of Health and Welfare in the St. Laurent Government. Short of stature, earthy, ambitious, he is a self-made man, the son of an Irish steelworker in Ontario. It was he who, almost by accident, emerged as the central figure in the disarmament negotiations.

Two Weeks to Plan

How to counter the Soviet move? First they must agree among themselves—a not inconsiderable task. Was there anything really new in the Soviet plan? Moch thought there might be, but the others were pretty skeptical. On this they could agree to disagree, pending clarification from Vishinsky. Was the plan adroit enough to fool public opinion, to lure France away from German rearmament? It might. What to do about it?

There were several answers to that question. They could voice their skepticism in public, pointing out the booby traps, obscurities, hidden gimmicks—indeed, if possible, trapping Vishinsky into betraying them himself. With this even Moch agreed, but again for a different reason. He was, and is, profoundly devoted to the cause of disarmament, and this was the ideal moment to elicit concessions from Vishinsky—the moment when Vishinsky was under greatest pressure to be conciliatory.

But there was a limit to the skepticism the western delegates could afford to voice in public. They could not appear unreceptive to an olive branch. They must not be maneuvered into the position of resisting better relations with the Kremlin. The propaganda battle revolving around disarmament is of immense complexity, but its essence is to appear more eager for peace than the adversary without actually giving up any important bargaining positions. Vishinsky had come up with a skillful formula to this end; their job was to beat him at his own game.

The four men, as it proved, had just about two weeks—until October 11—to work out their battle plan.

October 11 found them ready. From the outset they began plying Vishinsky with questions—questions ostensibly designed to clarify obscure points in his resolution but actually designed to give him uncomfortable alternatives: to make genuine concessions rather than phony and obscure ones, thus undermining his bargaining position; or to refuse to make concessions, thus pricking the bubble of his peace offensive.

Martin, the Canadian, came up with another idea, and Moch enthusiastically concurred. Why not offer

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Vishinsky a chance to cosponsor a comparatively harmless resolution setting in motion new, private East-West talks? This would seem to be a generous gesture, an effort to ease cold-war tensions, and the West would have the peace initiative once again.

A draft resolution to this effect had long been ready. It had been sketched out, in fact, even before Vishinsky spoke. It called upon the twelve-nation Disarmament Commission to revive its subcommittee of five—the United States, Britain, France, Canada, and the Soviet Union—and request the five powers to meet again in private, as they had done in London the previous spring. How could Vishinsky refuse to join in sponsoring such a proposal?

Once it was decided to offer Vishinsky a chance to cosponsor the western resolution, the question was how to go about it. If the four powers jointly proposed it and then turned to Vishinsky en bloc, he might win sympathy by complaining they were ganging up on him. It would be better for one country to sponsor the resolution and invite all four others, including Russia, to join. The other three western powers would accept the invitation, and all eyes would turn to the Soviet chair.

Which country? For the United States to do it would be to risk a brusque refusal. Britain would be a little less unacceptable, but not much. For Moch to do it would be dangerous. By the process of elimination, Canada was chosen.

Meetings with Vishinsky

The first step would be to show the proposed draft to Vishinsky. This was a move Martin did not want to take on his own initiative. He got on the long-distance phone to Canadian Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. (Foreign Secretary Lester Pearson was in London.) The Prime Minister was enthusiastic. Certainly it was unusual, but he doubted that it would upset anything in London. Russia, after all, had given the West advance notice of its resolution, and a reciprocal gesture might genuinely help to ease tensions. If so, it would be a feather in Canada's cap.

So the wheels began to turn. Martin phoned Vishinsky the night of October 12 to ask for an appointment. Finding him out, he sent the draft to the Soviet delegation by hand.

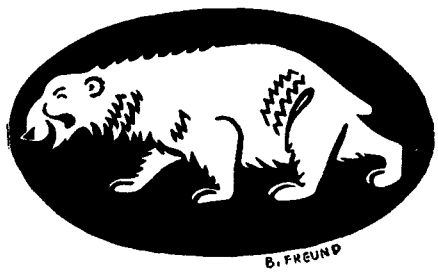
The next day, per schedule, he presented it in the public debate. Britain, France, and the United States agreed to cosponsor it; Moch said he hoped Vishinsky would do likewise. Vishinsky announced that he had received an advance copy, thanked Martin for his "courtesy," and said he would think it over.

That night Vishinsky met Canada's soft-spoken, good-natured permanent delegate, David Johnson, at a Polish reception, one of the many which are held—at the rate of three or four a night—all during a General Assembly. Vishinsky mentioned to Johnson that he would like to see Martin. Martin was at another party, but he immediately agreed to leave and meet the Soviet delegate at Johnson's hotel suite.

When the Russian arrived with his entourage, four Canadians were waiting. One was Martin, and at his side was Johnson. In the background were James George, brilliant young political adviser, and Arnold Smith, who is Pearson's right-hand man.

Vishinsky is a short man with thin white hair, heavy spectacles, and a grayish-white lip mustache. He is exceptionally active for his seventy-one years, burning up incredible amounts of energy as he gesticulates through two- and three-hour speeches, his "tongue in both cheeks at the same time," as Stuart Garson of Canada once put it. He is not believed to be an influential policy-maker; he is a mouthpiece.

With Vishinsky were A. A. Sobolev, short and slight, who is considered one of the abler of the Russians, and



the ubiquitous I. G. Usachev, a young, bespectacled interpreter who is always at Vishinsky's side, carrying a large briefcase from which he extracts documents at a nod from his boss.

THERE WERE the usual amenities, Vishinsky thanking Martin once again for giving him the resolution in advance. He said he would like to cosponsor it, but had certain reservations. He "wasn't asking too much," he said, and then he outlined a set of amendments that would have turned the spotlight back on Vishinsky's disarmament ideas and elbowed the American plan aside.

Martin tried to talk Vishinsky out of it. "We are both lawyers," he said. "We know how lawyers can play with words. The difference between our versions is a matter of national pride. Let's not worry about pride. You know, even in Russia they have pride."

Vishinsky bristled. "Why *even* in Russia?" he asked.

Martin quickly said he had not meant any reflection on the Soviet Union. Vishinsky recovered, and was genial and smiling once again. He continued to insist on his amendments.

The next morning the western four got together to compare notes. Wadsworth said it was his understanding that they were not to accept any changes, that Vishinsky was to cosponsor the draft as it was, or not at all. The others remembered their strategy differently; Canada was simply not to accept any changes without consulting the rest. Three days of meeting and consultations followed. They finally agreed that Martin should accept some of the amendments, but should insist on at least equal prominence for the principal eastern and western ideas.

The Canadian spoke to Vishinsky October 18 as the public session of the political committee broke up.

"This is not a good place to talk," Vishinsky said. "I'll come over to your office."

"No, you're a younger man than I am," he told the elderly Russian with a smile. "I'll come over to see you."

The office provided for the U.N. representative of the Soviet proletarian dictatorship is at 680 Park Avenue, in an atmosphere heavy with dowagers and French poodles. It is on the third floor. Severe and businesslike, it reminded Martin of a law office, except for its distinctly pink-tinged decor. Its principal piece of furniture is a long T-shaped

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table, above either end of which hovers a huge, idealized portrait, one of Lenin, the other of Stalin. Malenkov is nowhere to be seen.

MARTIN, Johnson, George, and Smith sat down on one side of the axis of the T, with Vishinsky, Usachev, and Sobolev on the other. Yes, said Martin, they would include Vishinsky's title in theirs; yes, they would accept Vishinsky's wording of paragraph 1 (c); yes, they would drop the word "balanced" in the phrase "the regulation, limitation, and major balanced reduction of all armed forces . . ."; but no, they would not drop "regulation" and "limitation" in that paragraph, nor would they insert a reference to the Soviet plan of September 30 without also referring to the American control plan of May 25, 1954.

Vishinsky said he would "have to see." He never agreed to anything on the spot. He apparently did not have that power.

On October 19, Vishinsky and his aides called on Martin again at Johnson's suite in the Drake Hotel. Yes, they would agree to "regulation" and "limitation" in paragraph 1 (a), but no, they could not swallow any reference to the American working paper.

Martin offered it to him with many different verbal sauces: "noting," "taking into account," "observing." He pointed out that this would not commit the Russians to anything. Vishinsky said *"Nyet, nyet, nyet."*

The Final Try

The western four met and decided to make one more try. They would remove all direct reference to both plans in the disputed paragraph, adopting instead a vague formula which in fact would embrace them both but which would not appear at first glance to do so.

Martin gave this to Vishinsky at 680 Park Avenue on October 20. He made it clear it was a final offer.

"The subcommittee is going to be established, whether you come along or not," he pointed out to Vishinsky. "And the American working paper is going to be discussed. You know that. The old steam roller is going to roll."

"Eh?" said Vishinsky.

Martin explained the term "steam roller." "That's understandable," said the Soviet delegate, who has perhaps had some experience with steam rollers.

Martin had escorted Vishinsky down to the door of the hotel on each of the Russian's visits, and Vishinsky had been careful to return the courtesy. On this occasion, as they were riding down in an elevator, Martin said, "I'll see you tonight at the Byelorussian affair."

"Ukrainsky," said Vishinsky.

"I would have sworn it was Byelorussian," said Martin.

Vishinsky shrugged. "Is there a difference?" he asked.

NEXT DAY Martin had to leave for London, Ontario, where he was to get an honorary degree from the University of Western Ontario. He gave a message to Yakov Malik, for Vishinsky, that he would be away. Vishinsky asked to see him at once.

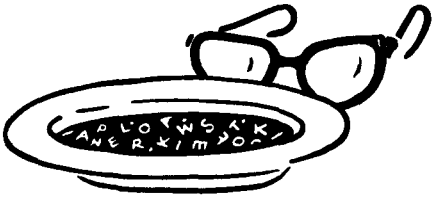
He arrived with briefcase and assistants. Vishinsky and his assistants sat down at the other side of the T-shaped table. There was a silence. Each man waited for the other to speak. They made a few casual observations, and again lapsed into awkward silence.

"You have nothing to report?" asked Vishinsky.

"You asked to see me," said Martin.

"Oh, no," said Vishinsky. "You asked to see me."

It developed that Malik had garbled the message, Vishinsky concluding that Martin had some new development to report. When Martin finally set him straight, Vishinsky



patted him on the arm and said, "You deserve a degree for all this." The Canadian explained that he was being honored for certain other of his accomplishments.

Martin took a plane for Montreal, where he could get an overnight Pullman for London and a much-needed night's sleep. The stationmaster was waiting for him with a phone call from New York. "Vishinsky wants to see you tomorrow morning," was the message.

"He knows I won't be there," barked Martin. "See if you can find out what ails him."

An hour later an apologetic Vishinsky phoned. He was sorry, he thought Martin would want to know. He had an answer for him. Yes, he would be happy to give it to Johnson if that was agreeable to Martin. Fine. Have a good trip. Good-by.

Martin hung up, shook his head, and caught a late train. Next day he learned the Russians had accepted the final western draft, and would cosponsor it in that form. He asked the university to delay its convocation ceremonies until 3 P.M., so that he would be free to incorporate the fact in his acceptance speech simultaneously with the announcement at New York. It was, of course, a big story in Canada. East and West had gotten together for the first time since 1946, and Canada had been the catalyst.

Sixty Hands

The sponsorship agreement was not long in paying dividends. India's Krishna Menon came forward with a plan for an arms "truce"—no more H-bomb tests, no more adding to stockpiles, and no inspection to be sure the Soviets were complying. It was wholly out of the question, but had the Soviets supported it, the West would have been hard put to explain its refusal to Asia.

Happily, Martin was able to convince Vishinsky, without any trouble at all, to join in shelving the Indian plan. It would be "illogical" to vote for it in the light of the five-power proposal. Vishinsky agreed, thereby passing up a golden opportunity to make propaganda hay at the expense of the West.

Such was the background when, on October 27, all sixty hands went up in the U.N. in approval of a resolution jointly sponsored by the United States, Britain, France, Canada, and the Soviet Union.

It was not a sensational resolution; few would agree with Menon that it represented "a turning point in history." But it represented a considerable tactical triumph for behind-the-scenes western diplomacy.

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The New Soviet Policy Toward the Satellites

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

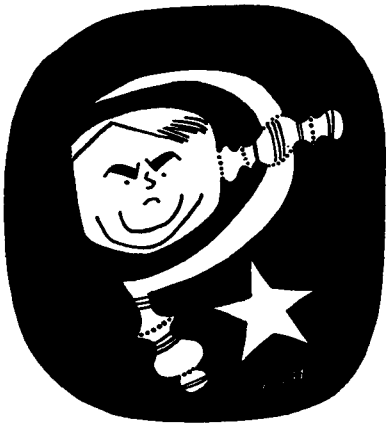
SOVIET POLICY toward China and the Communist régimes of eastern Europe has entered a new and significant phase. In this field, as in others, Stalin's successors have been reviewing their legacy critically to see whether and how they can free it of its worst liabilities.

Broadly speaking, their new course aims at lifting from the other Communist governments the odium of puppetry and some of the burdens of vassalage that Stalin's heavy hand had laid on them. The peoples of Communist Asia and eastern Europe are to be reassured that they will no longer be treated as Russia's subjects and that the new government in Moscow shows respect for their national aspirations and renounces those quasi-imperialist privileges which Stalin had acquired for Russia. It goes without saying that the Soviet leaders expect that this new policy will eventually strengthen their position within the Soviet bloc.

The new policy is being carried out simultaneously from the various angles of strategy, economy, and politics, from the China Sea to the Elbe. There are broadly three major motives behind it. There is first Moscow's apparent desire to avoid a dissipation of Soviet strength and to cut Russia's strategic commitments. There is further a new confidence, springing from the recent tremendous growth of the Russian economy, which enables Russia to give up the economic advantages that Stalin had so ruthlessly extracted from the satellites.

Big Gains from Small Losses

The most significant application of the new policy can be seen in the Russo-Chinese agreements that were signed in Peking on October 11, during the celebration of the first five years of Mao's régime, in the presence of a large and important Soviet delegation headed by Nikita Khrushchev, the General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party. The Soviet leaders chose that solemn occasion to announce that Russia would evacuate the naval base of Port Arthur, Manchuria, by May 31, 1955. Moscow had promised to



give up Port Arthur in the Russo-Chinese pact of 1950, but until recently it looked as if that promise would never be honored. At first Stalin delayed evacuation on the ground that the Russian garrison must remain at Port Arthur as long as Russia and Red China had not concluded a peace treaty with Japan —it was as a reinsurance against Japan that Russia had acquired the Manchurian naval base in the first place. Then during the Korean War, which the Chinese feared might spread to Manchuria, it was they who asked the Russians to hold Port Arthur as a deterrent. The imminent evacuation indicates, therefore, a new Russo-Chinese confidence in the maintenance of peace in that part of the world.

But whatever the broader international context, the move will soothe Chinese patriotic feelings, which have always been offended by the presence of foreign garrisons. And the Russian gesture is sure to be acclaimed throughout the rest of Asia, for Asians recall very few instances, if any, in which a great power has given up a first-rate strategic base on foreign territory except under direct hostile pressure from another power or under the immediate threat of revolt in the occupied country. Throughout Asia, Chinese and Soviet propagandists are contrasting the Russian evacuation of Port Arthur with the establishment of new American bases under the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization. Moscow has chosen this moment to emphasize that it sees the rivalry between East and West in terms of economic and political competition rather than of military action. From this point of view, the Soviet Union's spectacular abandonment of one great naval base may be a more profitable operation than the acquisition by the United States of a score of new bases: It helps to make all China a single, solid base of Communism.

LESS CONSPICUOUSLY, Russia is also withdrawing from the long-lasting, silent rivalry with China in Sinkiang, Mongolia, and Manchuria. In all those provinces, Stalin's agents had worked hard to establish Russian influence by economic penetration and direct and indirect control. The results of their work are now being scrapped, and Peking's sovereignty is being restored all across China's northern boundary.

The most important single act of this second strategic withdrawal is the disbandment of the mixed Russo-Chinese joint-stock companies, also announced in the October agreements. These companies exploited the gold mines, the oil wells, and possibly also the uranium deposits of Sinkiang. They controlled shipyards in Manchuria, and they managed the whole of China's civil aviation. Moscow is now giving up the assets it held in those companies on a fifty-fifty basis and is withdrawing its general managers. Last but not least, it is giving up some of the facilities that enabled the agents of

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its intelligence services to obtain access to every corner of China and to every aspect of Chinese life, facilities to which Stalin attached very great importance.

Unlike the evacuation of Port Arthur, the disbandment of the mixed companies had not been promised in any previous Russo-Chinese agreement. But the companies naturally reminded the Chinese of the old concessions, with extraterritorial privileges, formerly maintained by the western powers. Therefore the disbandment removes a grievance. It dispels lingering suspicions of Russia's intentions, and it is being hailed as proof of Russia's "socialist generosity and disinterestedness."

This instance of the reversal of Stalin's policy is not, however, so sweeping as are some others. The attitude of the Peking government toward Moscow has never been that of a vassal. Even Stalin was anxious to spare Chinese susceptibilities and to make the Chinese Communists feel that they were treated like respected allies. But the habit of ordering his satellites about was so deeply ingrained in Stalin that he could not rid himself of it entirely even when he tried to humor Mao Tse-tung. And so only Stalin's successors have been free to renounce the assets and advantages for which Stalin had bargained so hard—and thus to base the Russo-Chinese alliance on a more solid foundation.

In Europe Too

The new course is not designed merely to placate Russia's only great and important ally. This can be seen from the fact that it has been extended to Russia's less independently powerful satellites of eastern Europe. There also the mixed companies have been disbanded at a stroke—in Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, and East Germany.

It will be remembered that these companies figured largely in the conflict between Stalin and Tito; the Yugoslav Communists viewed them as instruments of their economic subjection by Russia. Through these companies Russia controlled the entire navigation of the Danube and all civil aviation in the Balkan countries. The companies operated such essential parts of the Balkan economy as Romanian oil and Hungarian bauxite and aluminum. Even the National Bank of Romania was under the management of a mixed Soviet-Romanian company.

THE COMPANIES enjoyed extraordinary privileges: Their profits were exempt from taxation; they were free to import and export goods without observing the restrictions to which local concerns, even those owned by the state, were subject; the general managers of the companies, usually Soviet citizens, fixed prices, freight rates, and tariffs, and thereby exercised a powerful influence over the whole economic life of the area.

But the Yugoslav charges that the companies were instruments of Russian "state-capitalist exploitation" were only partially justified. It was mainly during the first postwar years —roughly up to 1950, while the Soviet economy still labored under the aftereffects of war—that Stalin was bent on speeding up Russia's economic recovery at the expense of the satellites. In those years he did use the mixed companies for transferring wealth from central and eastern Europe to the Soviet Union. Later, after the Soviet Union had recovered somewhat economically, a two-way traffic developed, and then eastern Europe began to benefit from Soviet investment and technological assistance. But Moscow still saw that it got its share of the profits made by the companies, and it still held many "commanding heights" in the eastern European economy.

Now this whole chapter of direct Russian control over that economy is being closed. The Danube may soon cease to be a Russian river. Control of its navigation may soon be back in Yugoslav, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Romanian hands. This is not to say that Russia's economic influence will decline. But Russia will now exercise its influence indirectly, by the sheer weight of economic preponderance, geographic proximity, and ideological affinity rather than through menace and political pressure.

The end of direct Russian economic control may foreshadow moves of even broader international significance. The ending of that control may be part of a scheme for the reorganization of eastern Europe in case of a withdrawal of Soviet occupation armies and of a consequent windup of Soviet communication lines in the Balkans. But it is difficult to see how such a withdrawal can take place before East and West reach settlements on Germany and Austria.

Moscow Loves Tito

It is only natural that at this stage, when so many of the original causes of the break between Moscow and Belgrade are vanishing, Moscow should initiate a rehabilitation of Tito.

Some time ago, the virulent campaign against Titoism was quietly called off throughout the Soviet bloc. Normal relations between Yugoslavia and all eastern European governments have been re-established. The Yugoslavs have regained their influence on the Danube Commission, from which Stalin had unceremoniously ousted them. The Soviet economic boycott of Tito's government has ceased. Bulgarian and Hungarian troops have been withdrawn from the Yugoslav frontiers, and Tito has cut armament expenditures and decreed partial demobilization. Finally, Russia has acknowledged the settlement over Trieste even though it had not been consulted on it and had had no say in it.

This ideological and political truce, ordered in Moscow, induced a lot of soulsearching in the Yugoslav Communist Party. Even before that, its leaders had not seen eye to eye on the prospects of their conflict with Russia. A group headed by former Vice-President Milovan Djilas reckoned with an indefinite prolon-

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gation and aggravation of the conflict and favored closer links between Yugoslavia and the West than those to which Tito had consented. Another group, headed by Vice-President Edvard Kardelj, hopefully expected that after Stalin's death changes would occur in the Soviet Union that might make reconciliation possible. Tito himself tried to keep balance between the conflicting views until, last January, he disavowed Djilas and his theories and cautiously placed his authority behind Kardelj's views.

Until the last few weeks, however, neither Moscow nor Belgrade was prepared to go beyond an ideological cease-fire. Tito was, and probably still is, afraid of being caught in the shifting crosscurrents of Soviet policy. If he were to take a few steps in the direction of a return to the Soviet bloc, he would cut himself off from the West. But if as a result of factional struggle a group hostile to Titoism were to gain the upper hand in Moscow, he might find himself dangerously isolated from both East and West, distrusted and perhaps attacked by both. Tito therefore trod cautiously, equally anxious to encourage the new conciliatory attitude in the East and to avoid arousing suspicion in the West. On the other hand, Stalin's successors wondered how far Tito had gone in his commitments toward the West and whether it was too late for them to try and conciliate him.

BUT Moscow has now decided to allay Tito's fears. Of its own accord it has initiated his rehabilitation. The occasion chosen was the tenth anniversary of the Red Army's entry into Belgrade, which was celebrated in both Moscow and Belgrade on October 20. On that day, for the first time since 1948, *Pravda* and other Soviet newspapers mentioned Tito's name without the customary abuse. Moreover, they underlined the "heroic role" Tito and his Partisans had played.

It will be remembered that Stalin consistently played down that role and that shortly before the schism he rudely told the Yugoslavs that the Red Army had liberated them from German occupation. According to the new version of history produced in a letter from Stalin to Tito on May 4, 1948, Tito's Partisans were incapable of effective action against the Germans because of Tito's failure as a leader. From then till the end of the Stalin era, Soviet writers repeated that version, which accorded so well with the then fashionable glorification of all things Russian.

Since October 20 Moscow has made amends for the insults Stalin had heaped on Tito and the Partisans. Its writers now almost lean over backward to pay tributes to Tito. Here is *Pravda* now saying:

We had to act in close co-operation with the National Liberation Army of allied Yugoslavia . . . which has made a serious contribution to the common struggle for emancipation of the peoples of Europe. . . . We knew how much courage and steadfastness Yugoslav Partisan detachments had shown . . . they took a most active part in our battles . . . they were everywhere with us . . . and not rarely it was they who secured the outcome of a battle. This happened many times."

Acknowledging explicitly Tito's role as Commander in Chief, *Pravda* now disposes of Stalin's myth that the Red army had to fight single-handedly for Yugoslavia's liberation.

But Does Tito Love Moscow?

Stalin's successors are evidently ready for a full, explicit, and spectacular rehabilitation of Tito as a good Communist. But it is not sure that Tito is prepared to accept the rehabilitation; and one may guess that this is now the chief topic of discussions between Moscow and Belgrade. It is quite likely that Moscow does not even demand from Tito that as the price of rehabilitation he should dramatically renounce Yugoslav's commitments toward the West or the pacts with Greece and Turkey. In their present mood, Moscow's rulers are inclined to admit that Stalin, not Tito, must be blamed for Yugoslavia's defection to the western camp. And on November 7, during the celebration of the thirty-seventh anniversary of the October Revolution, they repeated their overtures to Tito before the whole diplomatic corps assembled in the Kremlin.

THE BEGINNING of this rehabilitation poses a number of absorbing problems to the leaders of other Communist parties. If Tito is no longer a "traitor" and a "fascist," should those Communist leaders who have been tried and executed in eastern Europe as his associates and agents continue to be branded as traitors? Tito's vindication may be the beginning of a posthumous rehabilitation of Laszlo Rajk, Rudolf Slansky, Vladimir Clementis, and others. A hint to this effect has already been thrown out in Budapest where the Central Committee of the Hungarian Communist Party has declared that there were "many innocent comrades" among the victims of governmental terror in recent years. Rajk's adherents have already been released from prison and reinstated as party members; and the reinstatement of one leading Hungarian "Titoist," former Foreign Minister Gyula Kallai, was carried out at a solemn party meeting by Matyas Rakosi himself.

THE WIDER ISSUE of the inner régime of the Communist Parties looms behind this pardon extended to Titoism. Reluctantly and hesitantly, Stalin's successors are abandoning the hallowed principle of the infallibility of Communist leadership. If a dissenter like Tito was right against the Soviet Central Committee, then dissent is no longer a crime. The "monolithic" outlook of the Communist Parties thus comes into question.

Since Stalin's death the Communist Parties have certainly borne far less dictation from Moscow than they did in Stalin's days. The Rus-

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sian party now seems to exercise its influence primarily through example. It favors in any case the substitution of "collective leadership" or of government by committee for the party régime controlled by a single leader.

Inevitably, the transition from the one régime to the other is causing friction and dissension. Here and there the single leader of the Stalin era attempts to defend his prerogatives and privileges. This has been the case with Rakosi in Hungary, whom the Central Committee put in his place at its October session although he still holds the office of its First Secretary. In Poland President Boleslaw Bierut seems to have reconciled himself to collective leadership. In the Czechoslovak party the problem solved itself with the death of Klement Gottwald, the single leader of the Stalin era. In Romania the party is still in the throes of a crisis: The fate of Ana Pauker is still in the balance, and though they are less savage than they were under Stalin, the purges continue.

Plus Royaliste Que le Roi

What is obstructing and confusing the evolution of the eastern European Communist Parties is that the Governments they control are far less stable than the post-Stalin régime in the U.S.S.R. itself. The peasant smallholder still dominates the rural life of eastern Europe. The old bourgeois parties still have a potential following. A Social Democratic tradition is still alive in the working class. Relaxation of discipline in the ruling Communist Parties may be taken as a sign of their weakness, may encourage opposition, and may lead to political convulsions. Therefore, the Communist rulers view with mixed feelings the infectious reformist ferment from Moscow.

This accounts for the paradox that at times the east European Communist Parties cling to Stalinist orthodoxy much more obstinately than does Stalin's own party. On the other hand, they cannot go on clinging to that orthodoxy when it is manifestly crumbling in its own homeland. Tito's rehabilitation throws the dilemma into even sharper relief and is sure to entail new ferments and new shifts throughout the Communist world.

Eyewitness in Red China: A British Labourite's Report

SAM WATSON

The following article is excerpted from a series written for the London Observer. (*Mr. Watson is a member of the British Labour Party's Executive Committee.*)

I COME HOME from China not with an answer but with a big question in my mind. My overwhelming impression is of a potential giant which has just risen from its knees. China has arrived. And I am wondering where China will go from here.

My overriding impression throughout the trip was of population. Everywhere we went—and we spent most of our time in the cities—there were people, people, people, jostling in the bazaars, crowding in the marketplace, thronging the broad main thoroughfare of Peking on their three hundred thousand cycles or in their thirty thousand pedicars.

In the next four years China will add to her population a population equal to that of Great Britain. Fifteen years from now there will be eight hundred million people living in the area now governed by Mao Tse-tung. One gets a sense of this as one watches platoons of builders' laborers—each competing with the other, on the classic Communist plan—hurling themselves at the new building projects beneath the hot sun of Peking or in a cold gray drizzle at Mukden.

When these men have their due proportion of machines, there will indeed be a colossus in the Far East.

THE SENSE my brief tour gave me of the tremendous pressure that China's population must exert upon her policies has also led me to feel that, in this situation, discussion of how "Communist" or "Marxist" China is, how much she likes the Soviet Union, what she really feels about Britain, is somewhat academic. I cannot but feel that the inner drive of the new China is her sheer physical and social problem, and that the philosophy and policy of her government steers rather than generates it.

This is not to underrate her present rulers. The impression they made upon me could not have been stronger. I have been in most European countries as a member of Labour Party delegations, and since 1931 I have been in the Soviet Union three times. No single man has impressed me so deeply as Mao. He and the men around him seem powerful, dedicated, and dignified.

To a great extent, one gets the impression, even from a tour as brief as mine, that they are following the classical Communist models, and into the bargain are pro-Russian.

Role of Private Enterprise

The trade unions are led in each factory and at all levels by Marxist Communists, and the Communists propagate Marxist opinions and attitudes to the workers. I saw many slogans in the streets that were translated to me as "We must vie with our Russian friends," or "We must emulate the Russian workers."

Yet though Mao complains that Britain has not eliminated her capitalists, he has not eliminated his, either. The country's economy, in fact, by contrast particularly with the uniformity of present-day Russia, is mixed. There are four phases: state-controlled and managed; state-controlled but managed by private enterprise (control exercised through supply of raw materials, central purchasing, and so on); a sector of private enterprise; and the tens of thousands of small traders who live,

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work, and rear their families in tiny shops in the bazaar.

I was particularly struck by what I was told and by what I saw of the third sector, the private-enterprise sector. Between thirty-five and forty per cent of the country's economy is still in this sector, I was told, and although the elimination of private capital for industry and trade is mentioned in the constitution as one of the objectives of the next phase of "socialist construction," I saw no evidence that they were in a hurry to do it.

THROUGHOUT my contact with our hosts, there was much evidence not of insincerity but of that naïveté which seems unexceptionable to those who accept Marxist premises but seems deceit, or at least "doublethink," to others. We should bear this mental phenomenon in mind when attempting to predict what China will do and where she will go. Everybody made it quite clear that China wants peace. At the same time, they repeated incessantly that China must have Formosa. They say with affection as well as apparent sincerity that Britain's moral prestige has never been so high in China as it is today, yet they imply that the British type of democracy could not succeed. They say they would like to get capital goods from Britain—which would save them from exporting their much-needed cooking oil to Russia—but add that they would like to trade with everybody, and want the best quality goods at the lowest possible price, and the country which can supply them will get the business. Their lack of knowledge about conditions outside China must never be underrated.

Coexistence

While our delegation was in the Soviet Union, I spent a couple of hours one night discussing the question of coexistence with Mr. Khruschev, Secretary of the Communist Party—the post which Stalin held. Mr. Khruschev talked for some time about the possibilities of trade between our two countries and about the similarity of our interests and aspirations from the point of view of military security.

After a couple of hours of this, I said to him: "Now look here, Comrade Khruschev. You are a miner, and I am a miner, and miners in all countries can talk to one another bluntly and openly and with respect for one another's intelligence. Are you ever going to call off your propaganda war against social democratic parties, Britain's included? In short, do you want coexistence in the field of commerce, and chloroform in the field of politics?"

His answer indicated that there can be trade and increased diplomatic intercourse but no positive cooperation. Coexistence seems to mean peace from the shooting war but no change in ideology and, therefore, no respite from political warfare. In fact, at one point in our conversation, when I was complaining to Mr. Khruschev of the Communists' intolerant insistence that only their kind of political system can work and that ours cannot succeed, he said: "In this field there can be no coexistence."

When I arrived in China, I put the same question to the various Chinese leaders whom we were able to meet. I found that they had much the same attitude as the leaders in Russia—strong emphasis on the need, desirability, and opportunity for mutual trade and mutual security (in the military and diplomatic sense), but again no compromise on ideology and propaganda. The attitude seemed to be, "coexistence in the field of trade—immediately; coexistence militarily and diplomatically—on terms; coexistence ideologically—never." They said quite frankly that social democracy could not work, and they did not believe that anything short of their own system would. Whatever the rulers of China may say about their wish to settle the problems of the Far East without war, my impression is that they are making it harder, not easier, for them to have any dealings with the Americans without offending Chinese popular opinion.

On the subject of Formosa everybody I spoke to said that they had no wish to go to war about it. At the same time they said that Formosa belonged to China and the Chinese were going to get it back. When members of our delegation pointed out to them that if they attemped to take it by force serious hostilities were likely to break out between China and the United States, whereas if they waited a little it seemed that public opinion in the United States was becoming much more tractable on the matter, they did not respond. Mr. Attlee's suggestion that for the time being Formosa should be put into some kind of "neutral" status did not seem to impress them.

Indeed, they were so tough about this Formosa issue that they brought to my mind two interpretations of Chinese policy on Formosa that have been much discussed in Britain in the recent past. One interpretation says that the Chinese have made such an issue of Formosa for the last four years that the Peking Government cannot afford to wait much longer before recovering it without losing tremendous prestige. Another interpretation says that the rulers of China do not really want Formosa back for the time being. They want to be able to hold it up to the Chinese people as the supreme example of the aggressive and anti-Chinese machinations of the "American imperialists," using this image of the perils with which they are threat-

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ened to spur them on to greater efforts of defense production and social construction and, of course, to promote domestic unity.

Some who believe that this is the key to Chinese policy towards Formosa go further. They say that the rulers of China know perfectly well that if they send a couple of hundred thousand men out onto the hundred and fifty miles of sea between the mainland and Formosa, the expedition will be blasted out of the water; but that China's rulers would knowingly sacrifice a quarter of a million Chinese soldiers on the altar of Formosa for the propaganda value that it would give the régime at home and abroad, and for the damage the planned catastrophe would do to America's relations with her allies.

THIS INDEED is a cold-blooded reading of what, if it in fact existed, would be a cold-blooded policy. I asked many questions, the answers to which could have dispelled any suspicion that the Chinese would contemplate such a thing. I did not receive these answers, however.

As I have said, the kind of coexistence we are likely to achieve with the Communists is, if my experiences on this brief visit are any guide, a very limited one. The present rulers may not be carrying out Lenin's famous dictum that they should "support" social democrats as a rope around his neck "supports" a hanging man, but they deliberately refuse to call off the political warfare. In that kind of warfare the British and the Americans are on the same side, and if the British and the Americans sometimes appear to forget it, we can be sure that the Communists never do.

Grounds for Hope

It might be concluded that I have come home pessimistic about the chances of our achieving anything more than the crudest coexistence with China. That is not so. I formed two other impressions of the situation which give me grounds for hope.

First, in China there is developing a vast cadre of technicians and technologists whose role in converting this backward peasant community into a progressive industrialized state is going to give them great public importance and considerable self-consciousness. With a vested interest in stability and peace, and with a scientific and practical cast of mind rather than romantic and Messianic, this group may well come to counterpoise to some extent the effect of the Communist Party. In Russia the conflict between the technicians' interests and those of the party machine has been one of the main factors in the recurrent crises of the régime, and the issue is not yet resolved. We do not know how things will shape up in China.

Secondly, the ignorance that the Chinese leaders have of the mind and conditions of the western nations is remarkable, while that of their people is almost immeasurable. My feeling is that the contacts which even the crudest and least co-operative kind of coexistence should be able to provide may cause future generations of Chinese—more empirical and less defensive—to modify the present attitude of China's rulers.

CHINA'S leaders may believe that the greatest power in the world today is moral force. I do not know. What I do know is that they appear to be going flat out to build the foundations of the other kind of power—that of wheels and guns—and that they do not propose to stop short of providing China with the industrial and military potential that they think a country of eight hundred million people will need.

Consider what this target means. Think of the number of Sheffields, Birminghams, Glasgows, Belfasts, and other huge industrial cities that are required to serve a country of fifty-four million. Then imagine what will be required to serve a country of sixteen times that number. And consider the immensity of the effort that is required to extract all this from a country as poor and backward as China, and to do it in a generation. To get so much power in so little time, a price has to be paid.

The National Exchequer

What is that price? Who is paying it? The first question I asked the Chinese was, "What proportion of the national income goes into the state exchequer?" They could not answer this, because, they said, there were no statistics for the national income, i.e., the total of what the Chinese people earned and produced, though they could give a figure for the amount that was paid into the national exchequer. They were also able to give me the average wages of the urban worker.

From these two figures it is possible to answer my first question with an estimate of what proportion of the national income goes into the exchequer. By dividing the state revenue by the number of population we find that the per capita contribution to the state exchequer comes to roughly the average monthly wage of an industrial worker. Since the industrial worker almost certainly gets paid more than an agricultural worker, we can take it that the average per capita contribution is at least a month's agricultural wages. Assuming that his wife and children do not make their own per capita contribution, the head of, let us say, a family of four has to pay four months' contribution to the exchequer. This suggests, on the basis of the figures we were given, that at least one-third of the national income goes into the state exchequer—an enormous sum for an agricultural country at China's stage of development.

KNOWING how much a citizen pays into the state exchequer gives a picture of what he has left to spend at his own discretion, but it does not give a picture of whether the state spends that money on his welfare or on the apparatus of power. For that we must look at the figures of the national budget, as given to me in Peking.

The main conclusion I drew from these figures was that from 1950 onwards defense and economic con-

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struction have taken up sixty-seven to seventy per cent of the national budget. Educational and similar services have run a poor third with between eleven and fifteen per cent. Moving from percentages to absolute figures, state investment in economic reconstruction showed a fivefold increase from 1950 to 1953 and an almost sevenfold increase from 1950 to 1954. Armaments, already high in 1950, had doubled by 1953, and, though there has been peace in Korea for more than a year, have dropped only four per cent.

The budget figures tell us that the immense bulk of the revenue is derived from "taxes from commerce and industry," plus proceeds from "state enterprise"—rising from a mere 8.6 trillion yuan [$350 million U.S.] in 1950 to 83.3 trillion in 1954. By contrast the revenue from taxes on agriculture has increased only by half—from 19 trillion yuan in 1950 to 28 trillion in 1954. I know that some visitors to China have deduced from this what perhaps it was hoped that they would deduce, namely, that the agricultural worker has not had to pay up such a great deal and that the main burden is being carried by industry's profits.

FROM WHAT I saw of the conditions of the agricultural worker, however, and from what common sense draws from the figures supplied to me by the Chinese themselves, it seems hard to believe that the Chinese peasant—who makes up seven-eighths of the population—is getting away with it so lightly. It is more probable that a large part of the revenue shown under "Commerce" may well come from the system of forced delivery to the towns of agricultural produce at prices fixed arbitrarily by the state, which then sells to the much-better-off towns, and to exporters, at much higher prices. If this is so, it is the peasant who is paying the bulk of the price of power.

What is this price, not in terms of figures and statistics, but in terms of toil and sweat and tears? It is not easy to say. The standards of living of the peasants were so low before the Communists came to power that for the time being it seems they stand only to gain from the new régime. They have benefited already from land reform, increased public order, the abolition of usury, and from the opportunities of employment in the off season provided by the water-conservation and railroad-building projects.

How long they will continue to tolerate large portions of their contribution going into industry and public buildings instead of into private buildings and consumer goods is another matter. How long they will be satisfied to receive prices fixed arbitrarily by the state for supplies they are forced to deliver without negotiation is another open question. It was the stubbornness of the Russian peasant on this issue, not any doctrinal zeal on the part of their rulers, that projected the bitter and bloody crisis over the Kremlin's agricultural policies and led Stalin to abandon the plan for gentle and gradual collectivization and to impose the system summarily and by brute force. Meanwhile, nobody I talked to would go into this question further.

AS I LOOK BACK on my trip to China it is this question, "What is the price of power?," that remains uppermost in my mind. Two of the many impressions I formed in China come again and again to my mind. First, there is my impression of the Chinese trade unions and their enslavement by the state. The state tells the unions what to do. And, in turn, the worker—the man who actually produces with the sweat of his brow—is told what to do by Communist Party intellectuals, many of whom have never done a stroke of work with their hands in their lives. In all my contacts with trade-union leaders in China I met only one who had been trained as a skilled craftsman able to do manual or technical work.

The other thing that remains strongly in my mind is the attitude which the rulers of China seem to have to the individual. When I discussed the problems of China and of the Chinese people with the Communist leaders and their subordinates, they spoke of the worker and the laborer as just a piece of raw material — "the masses" — another brick, another paving stone, something to fit into the pattern. He was never discussed—even referred to—as somebody with a right to say what the pattern should be.

This attitude, I felt, was not mere callousness. It was much more the result of the age-long attitude of the Chinese mind to the teeming humanity that is China. There is an old Chinese saying that was quoted to me: "The wind was my cloth, the snow was my blanket, and the rain was my drink." In other words, human life can get along on almost anything. Also quoted to me was: "He who was born by the sea shall live on the sea"—meaning that wherever a man is he should be able to scratch out a living.

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Co-ops: How Big Can They Get?

MURRAY D. LINCOLN

I WAS TELLING the House Committee on Agriculture that we need more than a national farm policy; we need a national food policy. I said that co-operative business ought to get a large-scale test as an integral part of a national food program. Then I told them the Welch Grape Juice story, how 4,500 farmer members of the National Grape Cooperative Association are becoming owners of the Welch Grape Juice Company, and how as a result each farmer is getting a lot more money for his grapes. And I said:

"Now it just occurs to me that if it's a good idea for grape farmers to own their own growing and marketing and distributing facilities, it ought to be equally smart for, say, dairy farmers."

I explained to the Congressmen that if a dairy farmers' co-operative had a similar opportunity to take over the National Dairy Products Corporation, it could buy all of the corporation's equity shares, at the current market value, in about six years, though it would take about seven years to buy the equity shares of the Borden Company.

"Now it just might be," I said, "that if farmers could get more co-operative ownership along these lines, if they could, in other words, cut themselves bigger slices of pie in the first place, they wouldn't need to hang around the back door for handouts later on."

That's as far as I got. Here came that old familiar question.

"Say," said a Congressman, bristling, his colleagues primed to press the attack, "just how big yuh gonna get?"

ONCE AGAIN the question threw me. I still can't quite believe that anybody worries seriously about the bigness of co-operatives when I spend so much time worrying why they're as small as they are. Co-operatives aren't nearly big enough to do the job in this country that they are cut out to do. Co-ops will be big enough, in my estimation, only when their self-help, nonprofit pattern of operation is effective in two ways: first, in diminishing the need for government help and increasing the number of people who have ownership

stakes in the national economy; second, in serving as a free-enterprise yardstick against which the efficiency of the economy can be measured.

How Large?

Viewed statistically, however, I suppose co-ops already figure big enough—and to some mentalities, ominously enough. Currently, more than twelve million U.S. families own shares in co-operatives—three times as many as own stock in all the corporations listed on the nation's stock exchanges.

Two out of three of the nation's six million farmers belong to one co-operative or more. Their co-operatives market twenty-five per cent of all farm crops and buy twenty per cent of all farm supplies, including fifteen per cent of their fertilizer and sixteen per cent of their petroleum products.

The fourth largest insurer of automobiles is the co-operatively oriented Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Company of Columbus, Ohio. As its president, I'd like to say that we don't look upon it and our other insurance concerns as devices to stockpile money; rather, we want to use insurance funds to supply other social and security needs—housing, communications, building materials, credit, investment, and distribution. We were glad to lend $4 million to make one old co-operative dream come true: national distribution of fruits and vegetables on a multiple-commodity basis by one co-operative, American National Foods. Lately we have acquired a company that may give us a piece of machinery to use in the fields of electronics and atomic energy.

Rural electric co-operatives, with nearly four million members, are credited with bringing electricity to nearly ninety per cent of U.S. farms.

Credit unions now number 15,000, with nearly eight million members and assets topping $2 billion. Thousands of these credit-and-savings co-ops are being organized every year.

Other kinds of co-operatives are on the increase in cities. Scattered over the nation are co-operative shopping centers, hospitals, medical-care plans, and home-ownership projects that have become factors in urban life. Indeed, there is hardly any economic or social need that people somewhere in this land are not trying to meet for themselves co-operatively.

How Small?

All this co-operative activity sounds impressive—and big. Very big. Yet, looked at in the framework of the total national economy, it is really not big at all. Co-operatives do no more than two or three per cent of the nation's business. One corporation, General Motors, in 1953 did a volume of business as great as that of *all* the farmers' marketing and purchasing co-operatives. And G.M. is probably engaged in as many different lines of business as are co-operatives.

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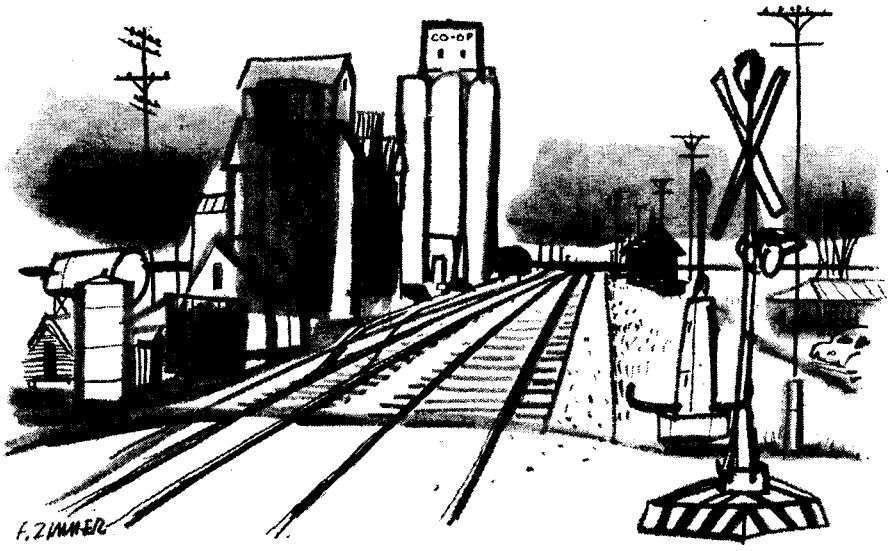

Co-ops produce only about one per cent and distribute only about two per cent of U.S. petroleum products. Assets of all petroleum co-operatives total only about half those of a single medium-sized competitor.

The combined assets of our co-op-minded insurance companies are less than two per cent of those of the largest nonco-operative-type company.

Credit unions have $2 billion in assets, but they represent less than half the assets of the Chase National.

And though co-operatives are as deeply rooted in American rural life as in almost any other country, our farmers have put into their own co-op businesses only about two per cent of their total investment.

It must be remembered, too, that co-operatives nationally are not nearly as tightly organized as they might be. The various state-wide and regional co-ops operate for the most part independently of each other; in some cases they compete with each other. Many regional and state-wide co-ops, however, have joined to form national educational and promotional organizations such as the Co-operative League, the American Institute of Cooperation, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, and the Credit Union National Association.

The Yardstick

The size and scope of co-operatives today is far too small to suit those of us who believe that, widely and intelligently used, co-operatives can do much to help push the world toward plenty and peace. Yet, small as they are, they already have exerted a healthy "people's" influence on segments of the economy, particularly in their yardstick role. Because they are nonprofit in character, co-operatives can act as a cost-and-quality measuring stick and serve as a monopoly repellent. Jerry Voorhis, executive director of the Cooperative League, insists that if fifteen per cent of a country's business were to be handled co-operatively, there would be little chance in that country for either dictatorship or monopoly. That fifteen per cent would be enough to establish fair price-and-quality yardsticks. Sweden, where co-ops long have been known as "trust-busters," is a notable example of what Voorhis is saying. And even in our own country, co-operatives, in spite of their small size in comparison with corporate giants, have demonstrated their yardstick talents.

When Ohio farmers first began pooling their funds to buy fertilizer by the carload, prices dropped ten per cent. Later, co-operatives led in manufacturing the open-formula, high-analysis fertilizer which today is handled generally throughout the industry. A government observer, meanwhile, has reported drops of from $5 to $20 a ton in retail prices of feed and fertilizer as co-ops became effective forces in the industry.

When farmers opened the world's first oil co-op at Cottonwood, Minnesota, in 1921, gasoline prices dropped several cents a gallon. Prices dropped in community after community as other oil co-ops opened. At the dedication of a co-op oil refinery not long ago, a spokesman for a big oil company declared that "Without co-op competition, we would have government control and the oil industry would be a public utility." Co-op refineries, he added, "are just as important to the major oil companies as they are to the people who use their products."

When rural electrification co-operatives began operating in Ohio, power rates generally in that state were sliced in two, not just for co-op members but for all rural consumers of electricity. A loan to a New Mexico co-op for a power line to irrigation pumping stations lowered power-company rates from three cents a kilowatt-hour to 1.5 cents. In New York State several years ago, when the rural electric systems hired an engineering firm for a generation-and-transmission study, the power companies reduced rates 14.5 per cent to the electric co-ops. Similar studies can be told with settings in many other sections of the country.

Credit unions, probably the fastest-growing of any kind of co-operative, have forced interest rates on small loans downward and are perhaps the most-feared enemy of loan sharks.

Co-operative-type insurance companies, particularly in the automobile field, have been pace setters in rates, in encouraging policyholder participation in company operations, in stressing low overhead costs, and in following investment policies seeking to put the policyholders' money to work in their own interests.

IN ADDITION to measurements of price and quality, U.S. co-operatives are establishing a good-will yardstick for our relationships with the rest of the world. CARE, the Co-operative for American Remittances to Everywhere, probably has attracted more attention than any other one co-op because of its efficient people-to-people distribution of more than $160 million worth of food and other supplies to hungry and sick people in many parts of the world. The Co-operative League, as well as other co-operatives, has sent money, manpower, and tools to build co-operatives abroad. The Credit Union National Association has set up an overseas department to launch an attack on usury in Asia.

Scarcely a week passes without a

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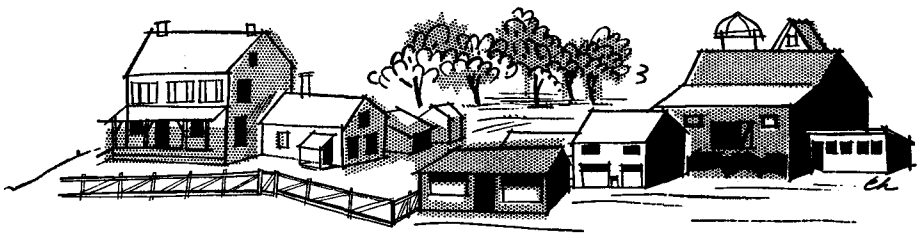


delegation from Japan or Iran or Indonesia or India or Egypt or some other faraway country arriving to visit the Cooperative League or one of its members to learn about co-operative methods. They come because they believe their best long-run chance to stem Communism is to build democratic businesses like co-operatives as the balance wheel of their economies. It is good that they come, for they can take back to their people the assurance that America is concerned with people as well as with H-bombs, with co-operation as well as competition.

Atomic Power

This concern is finding expression in efforts to promote the use of atomic energy for peacetime purposes. Here again, co-operatives can and must play a yardstick role. Leland Olds, former chairman of the Federal Power Commission, has urged the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy to consider the importance of setting up a real competitive yardstick by which private activities in a new atomic-power industry may be measured. The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, led by Clyde T. Ellis, its executive manager, has a proposal to supply that yardstick. N.R.E.C.A. is recommending a partnership between the AEC, the Rural Electrification Administration, and the rural electric co-operatives to build and operate experimental atomic reactors, or furnaces, to produce power for U.S. farms.

The recommendation so far has made little progress. The N.R.E.C.A. is on the outside looking in as far as the AEC's five-year program to build nuclear reactors for commercial power production is concerned. As yet, the rural electrics have not been invited to work on any of the study teams set up under the program; they have been denied access to information on the development of atomic power for civilian use; and not one rural electric co-op is working with the AEC on nuclear-power development, even on a part-time basis.

Under the N.R.E.C.A.'s proposal, the REA would make a loan to a system for a conventional generating plant. The AEC would pay the difference between this cost and the total cost of the atomic-power plant. The government would then have a pilot atomic-power plant, and the REA co-operative would not only have power for its patrons, it could also supply accurate and valuable yardstick cost data to the government. This arrangement would not be too different from the one at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, where the cost of the first atomic-energy plant under the AEC reactor program is being shared by the government, Westinghouse Electric, and the Duquesne Light Company.

A number of facts argue persuasively for the N.R.E.C.A. proposal:

¶Actual operating costs of a pilot plant built on the lines of a rural electric system would be easier to measure simply because of the co-operative's nonprofit nature. There would be, for example, no royalty costs to figure in, as there would be if atomic patents were involved.

¶Rural electric systems ordinarily need smaller generating units than other power companies to supply their power. The AEC program calls for experimental plants of about the right size.

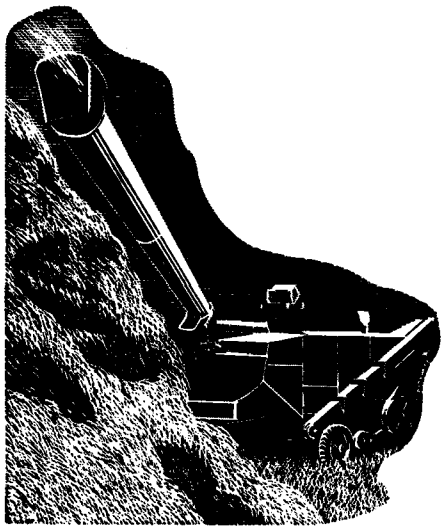
¶In many rural areas, wholesale power and transmission costs are quite high; in some places, indeed, it is impossible to get all the power needed. It is quite likely, therefore, that even now, and certainly before long, atomic power could be supplied at competitive and economical prices in such areas as Anchorage, Alaska, South Dakota, Maine, and parts of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and New Mexico.

¶A Federal-local partnership such as the N.R.E.C.A. suggests would not only tie in with the research and development program for nuclear-power technology, it would also transmit its benefits to rural America. And after all, atomic energy and its magic is part of the public domain. The public has paid some $14 billion for it. Its benefits ought to be shared.

AT STAKE in this new industry a-borning is a power potential estimated to be twenty-five times greater than the power from all of the country's coal, petroleum, and hydroelectric resources. If co-operatives and publicly owned utilities are shut out from nuclear-power developments, if the power companies are handed the atomic-energy industry on a silver platter, a monopoly situation is bound to result that would hamper our standard of living, our security, and our progress toward the abundance that atomic research has made possible. Farm people, believe me, remember to this day how power companies stalled the coming of the electric age to rural America for nearly half a century.

Blessings from Gladstone

But . . . "How big yuh gonna get?" Can it be that the ability of co-operatives to spread ownership, to curb monopolistic trends, and to prevent other evil effects of "bigness" motivates that worried question? Does it also explain the readiness to praise and tolerate co-operatives as long as they are small, local affairs but to attack them when they go into "too many lines" of business, or when they seek to extend their ownership of refineries, factories, and distributing facilities? Does this fearful, self-



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ish attitude explain, perhaps, the attacks on co-operatives by sections of the business community that have been seeking for years to convince Congress and the public that co-operatives don't pay taxes? They do, of course, pay taxes, all the taxes that other businesses pay.

Co-operatives, I realize, must excite suspicion in some quarters because, it is true, they are different from ordinary kinds of business. They are different twice:

¶ They are organized democratically, with control at the bottom instead of the top. Each member-stockholder gets one vote—but only one—in electing directors and in determining broad policy.

¶ They are organized on the patronage principle. Their net savings (an ordinary business's net profit) belong to their patrons, or users, in proportion not to the amount of stock they hold but in proportion to their patronage or use of the business. For example, a family buying $1,000 worth of supplies through a co-op in a year would get back $40 in the event of a four per cent patronage refund. It was this patronage-refund principle that Prime Minister Gladstone hailed as the "greatest economic invention of the nineteenth century."

Despite these differences, it would be fairly obvious that co-operatives constitute no "clear and present danger" to the Republic, and that "How big yuh gonna get?" really isn't an important issue at all. Co-operatives are democratic; they spread private ownership; and their owners, working through them, naturally try to benefit themselves as much as possible. One way is to make their co-operatives bigger—just as owners of other American businesses do. It would be downright un-American to do otherwise, wouldn't it?

In any case, I know that co-operatives already are big enough to be making a significant contribution to the health of the national economy. They are a vital part of the life of rural America. To city as well as rural people, they are becoming increasingly useful as a price-and-quality yardstick. It is my opinion, and my hope, that co-operatives will get as big as they need to get to play those roles to the entire satisfaction of the American people.

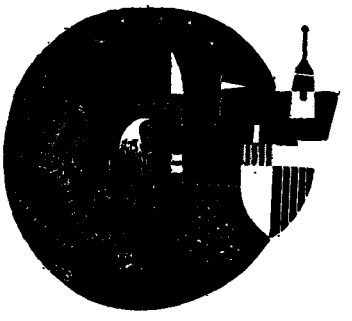
Two Views on Finletter's 'Power and Policy'

I. 'Confused and Often Self-Contradictory'

WALTER MILLIS

Power and Policy: U.S. Foreign Policy and Military Power in the Hydrogen Age, by Thomas K. Finletter. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.*

Mr. Finletter's book is one of the very few to grasp at least the scope of the problems created by the development of nuclear energy as a military weapon, to realize that the immediate military and strategic issues raised by the nuclear arsenals can properly be met only in the



larger contexts of diplomacy and national policy, and to attempt what might be called a kind of "unified field theory," knitting up all the issues into concise solutions. The breadth of this assault, no less than the patent earnestness and sincerity that the former Secretary of the Air Force has put into it, has met with some critical applause. This is in itself significant; for it is applause, surely, from those who in their thirst for solutions of some kind have omitted to ask themselves whether the Finletter solutions could work.

The author begins with what he says is the problem: the early accumulation in both the United States and Russia of an "atomic air power," including both weapons and carriers, with which each can theoretically exterminate the other, and against which neither can erect more than a very partial defense. From this he concludes (on his opening page) that Russia will soon be physically able to "make a sneak atomic attack on the United States which will destroy our major cities and most of our industry." He then assumes that the Russians, having this physical capability, will wish to use it—that this is the first peril against which we must guard, and should be the foundation of all military and national policy. His basic solution is simple: that the United States should maintain a capability for a retaliatory nuclear strike so overwhelming that it would survive the sneak attack with enough remaining force to destroy Russia; with such a force in being the Russians will not attack, and there will be no war. Mr. Finletter is confident that by raising Air Force appropriations from the present level of about $12 billion a year to about $20 billion we can provide an "air-atomic" retaliatory force of the requisite power. This proposal is clearly defined; it becomes the cornerstone of everything else in his analysis.

Recommended Course of Study

Suppose the Russians, who have repeatedly surprised us by their ability to keep up with our own technological achievements, should put the equivalent of another $16 billion into the capability of exterminating us? How would that affect this "monstrous balance" which it is here proposed that we maintain? Suppose the Russians put their extra billions into air defense, in which we are lagging? Mr. Finletter, while arguing that first priority must go into the retaliatory strike, admits that defense is also important; but he makes the extraordinary statement that defense has no deterrent effect. There are few field commanders, air,

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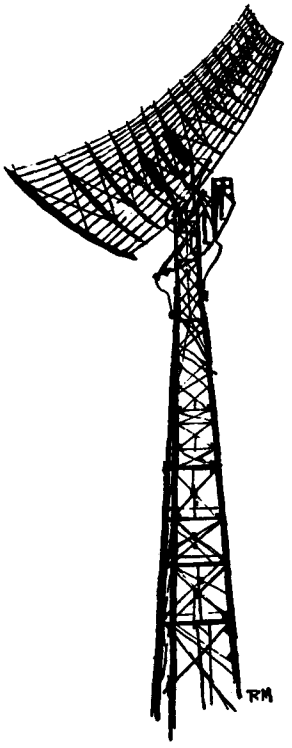
ground, or naval, who would endorse that sentiment, and it is quite clear that a massive increase in Soviet defense capabilities would paralyze our own strike.

It is the realities of the power problems of today with which the nation should be concerned. It is the actual motivations and mentality of the Kremlin leaders that should be our study. What the Finletter policy after all comes down to is a policy for influencing the Kremlin mind, by the course of our military planning and preparation, in such a way that it will never precipitate a general nuclear war. It is probable that we have done that much already, and that the further amassing of thermonuclear supremacy is more likely to invite the imagined sneak attack than to avert it. But however that may be, the policy, to be sound, must obviously rest upon some appreciation of how the Kremlin mind works and how military factors may be effectually applied in the real world. Here Mr. Finletter gets into serious trouble.

The underlying idea—that the only thing that really matters in international politico-military relationships is the fact or threat of the thermonuclear mass strike—leads to innumerable difficulties when one seeks to apply it in the actual context of current affairs. This is because it is essentially a commitment to all or nothing, and therefore leaves no room for those ordinary human complications in which "nothing" is insufficient but "all" is far too much. Having abolished war, or at any rate major war, by the overwhelming retaliatory power of the Strategic Air Command, Mr. Finletter seems rather baffled by the problem of what precisely to put in its place.

Mr. Finletter's Argument

I am not sure whether I can fairly summarize an argument that seems to me confused and often self-contradictory. The trend of it appears to be, however, that while an overwhelmingly powerful SAC will indefinitely postpone a major war, some other forms of military force will still be required. Here Mr. Finletter rather sweepingly divides the vast and various lands surrounding the Soviet periphery into two neat categories: the NATO areas and the "gray areas." He recognizes that the proper defense of the NATO areas requires (in addition to SAC) firm political alliances, strong moral unity, economic cohesion, and ground armies. But the role of these ground armies is never clear. It is said at one point that three American divisions in Eu-



rope would have done as well as six, since this is really only a "token force useful for its political effect"; yet it is said in the next breath that if we should withdraw half our troops we should have to increase our military aid to enable the Europeans to provide the replacements.

Since in this view "atomic-air" is the only real defense either of Europe or the United States, why, Mr. Finletter asks, do we need a "thick line" of ground troops in Europe at all? The answer he gives seems to me confused.

"Politically, [the thick line] is important to show to the NATO countries . . . that the avenue of attack along the ground is blocked, as well as that through the air.

"It is important to take out extra insurance against these Russians. They might make a mistake about our atomic-air. They might not realize that it was overwhelmingly strong. . . . Or they might believe that they could overrun Europe so fast that they could surprise us into failing to use our atomic-air. . . .

"We must therefore confront the Russians in Europe with a double defense—the neutralization of their atomic-air by our overwhelming counter-atomic-air and ground defense, which will make them realize that if they were to move on the ground they would be stopped in their tracks. Both are possible. The ability to stop the Russians on the ground . . . comes from the great possibilities inherent in the use of atomic and particularly hydrogen power on the battlefield."

Thus the ground troops, of so little strategic significance that three American divisions would do as well as six, become only a page or so later of such vital importance that they would have to be armed not merely with atomic but with thermonuclear weapons. Mr. Finletter exorcises the hydrogen-bomb horror from the cities only at the price of bringing it right back again to the "tactical" battlefield, where it is unlikely long to remain. That this brings up another of the colossal unanswered enigmas of the subject the author of *Power and Policy* seems not even to recognize.

THE PROBLEM of applying atomic, to say nothing of hydrogen, weapons to the "tactical" operation of conventional surface forces is certainly very far from solution. Some of its really appalling difficulties have recently been set forth by Thomas R. Phillips, the military analyst for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Phillips is one of the very few who have tried seriously to think out this problem—one of the few, that is, who are free to give their thoughts to the public—and his thoughts are not encouraging. One may cling to the grim hope that another large-scale war in which nuclear weapons are available to both sides in quantity may be confined to the struggle of the uniformed surface forces. But it is not a very good hope. Our own defense chieftains may talk glibly about their success in reducing atomic weapons to "conventional" status; in fact they have not begun to meet the tactical and strategic problems involved, and it seems a reasonable prediction that if the nuclear weapons really do become

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"conventional" on both sides, the conventional military organization, strategy, and tactics of surface warfare as we have known it will have to turn into something very unconventional indeed.

Mr. Finletter doesn't go into anything as complicated as that. He believes that under the umbrella of his overwhelming "atomic-air power" we must continue to maintain six

conventional divisions in Europe and another six in the United States for training and rotation. That should take care of the NATO areas. There remain the "gray areas"—everything from Suez to Vladivostok—where the natives are so benighted as not, apparently, to agree automatically that western concepts of peace, freedom, and democracy represent the ascertained sum of human good.

Those 'Gray Areas'

For these embarrassing "gray areas" Mr. Finletter clings to "massive retaliation." Evidently he believes that when Mr. Dulles said it he really implied an intention to retaliate massively—that is, with nuclear weapons—against lesser forms of military or political penetration. Although recognizing a need for a "thick line" of ground troops in Europe armed with hydrogen bombs, he proposes the reduction of our forces in the Far East to one merely token division to be stationed in Japan. Since we have announced that we intend to fight no more "local wars" in Asia, we might as well withdraw everything with which we could fight them. That Mr. Dulles's ferocious promises of slaughter are promises made in order that they will not have to be kept seems to have escaped Mr. Finletter.

The Russians can see through the game as quickly as anyone else. All it can possibly mean to them is that their own anti-atomic measures—the strength of their radar-controlled defenses and the threat of their nuclear bombs and jet bombers—have succeeded; that they are sufficiently strong in both departments now to discount alike SAC and the "massive retaliation" policy and go their own way. They are in effect being told that they are free to extend their power and dominion by those infiltrative methods of which they are masters, and which they know perfectly well will never call down upon them the nuclear war of which the United States is a good deal more afraid than the Kremlin is.

IN CONCRETE TERMS, the Finletter policy would more than double the slice of the budget dollar now going to "atomic-air"; it would double the slice now going to continental air defense; it would somewhat reduce the share now going to NATO and "gray-area" tactical and surface defenses, and more than halve the share of all the rest—Navy (except for the defense of Formosa), Marines, strategic reserve in the United States, National Guard, and so on. If I were a Soviet strategist, it seems to me that I could not ask for anything better than this, for here my enemies would be delivering themselves into my hands. They would be building up a super-power in instruments of no practical utility, and in so doing risking the loss of the actual struggle for power and for the minds of men which will be decisive.

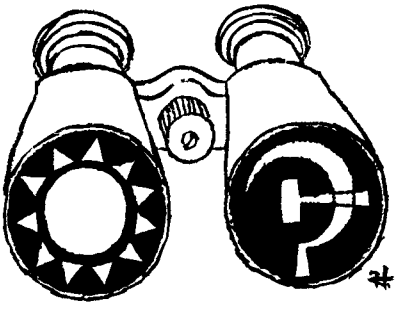
Is There a Way to Live?

Whatever this is, it is surely no solution for the true problems of "power and policy" which the nuclear arsenals present. And in the end Mr. Finletter himself has to grant that, logical, simple, and neatly classified as his solutions may be, they cannot suffice. While they might postpone general war, they could do so only by making nuclear extermination more certain in the end. Since this is plainly not good enough, something else must be found, and Mr. Finletter finds it in the hope of an "enforced" universal disarmament—a hope which it seems to me must quite clearly imply a universal world dictatorship. Those unwilling to accept this will, I think, not so much dispute Mr. Finletter as turn back to ask whether his assumptions may not be open to question, and whether different but at least equally valid assumptions may not be discoverable which will lead to more rational results.

They have not been discovered as yet, and until they are, we must no doubt put up with the concepts of SAC as our major instrument of policy and the threat of universal nuclear extermination (involving ourselves as well as the Russians) as our principal means for influencing the course of history. But there must be other conceivable assumptions—that inevitable war is not the only frame in which U.S.-Soviet relations can proceed; that local solutions, even when military in character, can still be arrived at without unleashing general war; and that there are still means by which nuclear weapons can be kept strictly as a reserve, without committing ourselves to their use unless they are used against us; that the specter of an all-decisive sneak attack is not necessarily the beginning and end of all international intercourse.

War Re-examined

It seems to me that Mr. Finletter in fact solves none of the terrible problems with which he resolutely seeks to deal, not even such a relatively less difficult one as the proper integration of the nuclear armament in the NATO ground defense. Concise and vivid as are his categorical simplifications, the end result is open to obvious questioning. It is the assumptions—the assumptions about human and international behavior, about the meaning and place of war



in society—that he and so many others accept which need to be re-examined. Unless they are, I think we face an ironic possibility: that in our

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preoccupation with the horrors of a general military war that may never happen we shall lose the political and psychological war which is actually in progress and in which we have not, by and large, been doing well.

Nothing in this extended discussion of Mr. Finletter's book is intended to reflect on the sincerity that went into it. The book has been discussed as an outstanding illustration of the extent to which public thought is both too rigid and too uninformed even to grasp these overwhelming problems.

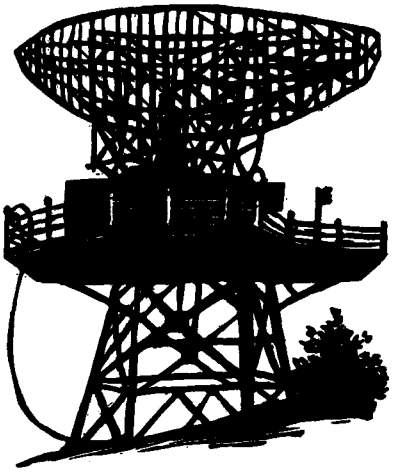
II. 'A Pioneer Work'

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

WEAPONS are by no means the only determinants of policy. But a revolution in weapons is bound in time to produce a revolution in policy. What is wise for the stone ax may not suit the crossbow; and what is good for the Enfield rifle is not likely to solve all the problems of the thermonuclear bomb. The evolution of weapons—and, in consequence, the evolution of policy—has been continuous with the evolution of man. But in no period has change been more concentrated and more spectacular than in our own. Never in human history has man more multiplied his capacity for self-destruction than in the brief years since 1945. And this latest and most catastrophic revolution in weapons has thus far left policy trailing breathlessly far behind.

There are obvious reasons for this situation. Our policymakers, leaping like chamois from crisis to crisis, have rarely had the time or the tranquillity to think through the problems of policy in the new world of power. And those outside the government, with time and tranquillity in abundance, have lacked the necessary knowledge both of weapons development and of policy issues. So the gap between power and policy has widened perilously. A special conjunction of circumstances has enabled Thomas K. Finletter to make a manful and resolute attempt to narrow the gap. His service as Secretary of the Air Force in the Truman Administration gave him the knowledge; the Eisenhower victory in 1952 gave him the time and tranquillity. The result is the first sustained public effort at a fresh and basic rethinking of foreign and defense policies of the hydrogen revolution. *Power and Policy* is a work of notable importance.

It is also a pioneer work, and pressing as it does beyond uncharted frontiers of strategic thinking, has its share of inconsistencies and defects. Yet in my judgment, few recent works in this field have been so successful in defining and sharpening issues and in establishing a frame-



work within which debate can be conducted. Mr. Finletter's analysis is suffused with so vivid a sense of the implications of the weapons revolution that few will be able to read it without seeing our problems of foreign policy in new and appalling dimensions.

The age of U.S. atomic superiority, Mr. Finletter begins by pointing out, is coming to an end. We are entering a new age of thermonuclear plenty, where the Soviet Union will soon—Mr. Finletter's guess is 1956—have enough bombs, and enough planes to deliver them, to knock out the United States in a single sneak blow. Beyond this lies the even more depressing vista of the age dominated by the intercontinental ballistic missile. Given these impending phases in the equilibrium of power, the first requirement for policy must be to deter the Russians from any knockout attack.

Strong for Peace

It should be emphasized that Mr. Finletter does not contend that the Soviet leaders necessarily contemplate such an attack. He carefully avoids the all-too-common fallacy of mistaking Soviet capabilities for Soviet intentions. But he does suggest that the best way to prevent a capability from creating an intention is to neutralize the capability. The way to make sure that the Soviet Union will never succumb to the temptation of an atomic Pearl Harbor is to build our own air-atomic power to such a point that the Strategic Air Command can absorb a sneak attack and have enough bombs and planes left over to destroy the Russian state in the counterattack. We must also, Mr. Finletter adds, develop the defense of the North American continent as a further deterrent to Soviet aggression. By such means, our policy could make it "an act of self-destruction" for the Soviet Union to launch a general war.

The object of building our air-atomic strength is to make sure that it will never be used. Are we presently building our strength adequately for this purpose? To this crucial question Mr. Finletter returns an informed and unequivocal "No." We are falling behind in our air-atomic build-up, he suggests, by the difference between $11.5 billion a year (the figure in the current budget) and $18-20 billion a year. He further contends that our present system of military planning—the "division-by-services" method with its three-way split of the defense dollar—prevents our undertaking an adequate air-atomic build-up. When Secretary of the Air Force, Mr. Finletter himself succeeded in breaking the division-by-service method; but the Eisenhower Administration, with certain reservations, has gone back to it. Until we end this system, he argues, we shall not be able to apply the priorities required by the hydrogen age.

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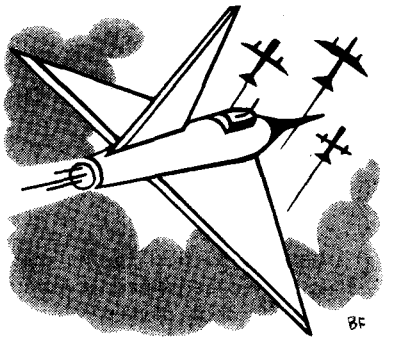
The essential question, then, is a weighing of risks. Is it worth an extra $8 billion a year of defense expenditure to reduce materially the prospect of Soviet atomic dominance and head off the paralyzing secondary diplomatic and political effects that would follow in the wake of such dominance? Or are we so sure of Soviet peaceful intentions and so unsure about the strength of our own economy that we dare not assume this additional burden?

The answer to this would seem to me clear enough. Our economy can afford the additional expenditure, and it is imperative that we do deny the Soviet Union unquestioned atomic dominance if we hope to hold the coalition of non-Communist nations together. When we had a monopoly of atomic power, that power operated as a shield behind which free peoples could act in concert. That monopoly is gone, but we still must maintain air-atomic strength of a kind the Soviet Union cannot smash in a single blow *in order to neutralize Soviet atomic strength*. Our allies, who conceive themselves the first candidates for destruction, know that the best way of making sure the Soviet Union does not employ strategic atomic weapons is for the United States to maintain its capacity for atomic retaliation. Such retaliatory capacity, in short, is the best guarantee against general war.

All this seems to me indisputable, and it has never been more clearly stated than by Mr. Finletter. Where the trouble comes perhaps is in the interpretation of the significance of this policy. Some people find in *Power and Policy* only a more urbane and intelligent statement of the old Air Force faith in the infallibility of the Strategic Air Command; others even manage to see in it a defense of the Dulles doctrine of massive and instantaneous atomic retaliation—though *Power and Policy* contains a chapter of acute criticism of the Dulles doctrine. But if I read Mr. Finletter aright, he is saying that until we have insured against general war, we are in no position to do anything else. Yet this insurance, he would add, is the beginning of policy, not the end. Only when we have reduced the chances of an atomic holocaust are we liberated



for the tricky, difficult, and infinitely complex business of waging peace.

And Still the Infantry

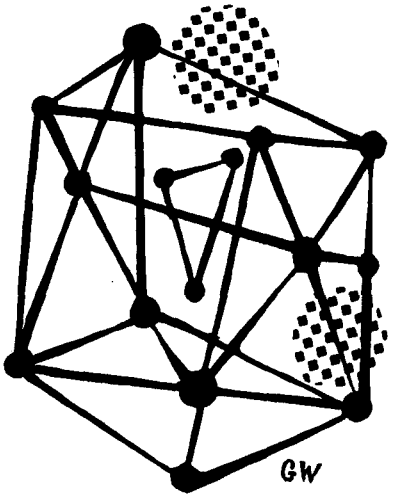
How are we to go about doing this? Mr. Finletter here divides the world into the NATO and non-NATO areas. In the NATO areas, he suggests, our air-atomic power will protect us against war. This undoubtedly has been the case in the past, but I am not certain that this is clearly the case today. For the age of atomic plenty surely cancels out the advantages we enjoyed as atomic monopolists between 1945 and 1950. With American and Soviet atomic strength in a state of mutual check, conventional armed strength must acquire a new importance. And if western conventional strength remains feeble, then the Soviet Union, operating behind the shield of its own atomic power, may well be emboldened into new pecks at the western periphery. Thus we may have no choice but to build our own conventional strength in Europe, not in the hope of equaling Soviet strength, but in the hope of persuading Moscow that it cannot easily gain local successes along the middle border. In this context, both German and American contributions to European ground defense would assume a new significance.

WHAT ABOUT the non-NATO areas—what Mr. Finletter calls the "gray areas"? Here, in my judgment, he underestimates even more seriously the importance of our having the capability for local resistance to local aggression. So far as he can see, we have fought our last small war in Asia. Yet to rest our defense policy on this assumption would seem nearly as reckless as to rest it on the assumption that the Soviet Union will in no circumstances launch an atomic war. Certainly there would be no better way to invite local aggression than to adopt defense policies that disavow our capability to meet it. And, while excluding small wars, Mr. Finletter equally excludes the Dulles-Nixon program of atomic strikes at the ultimate sources of aggression—which would appear to leave his own policy swathed in obscurity.

Even more serious in the treatment of the "gray areas" (and this also applies, though less urgently, to the treatment of the NATO countries) is his failure to emphasize sufficiently a key fact: that ever since our post-Korean rearmament has offset Soviet military strength, the main Soviet reliance has been on social and economic weapons rather than on armed force. As George Kennan recently observed, "In no area of our foreign policy will we be well served, in this coming period, by an approach directed strictly to countering the Soviet threat as a straight military problem." In the underdeveloped countries particularly, the primary problem is not military but social. Our main effort must lie in a vigorous expansion of our valuable but limited successes in the field of economic and technical assistance.

A Means to Policy

These are serious criticisms of the Finletter argument. But they are not fundamental; they can be accommodated in his broad framework and reconciled with his basic premises. Indeed, they lend new strength to his challenging conclusion. The climax of the book is a brilliant and eloquent case for new diplomatic



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initiative by the United States. While we build our own air-atomic strength and help develop the strength of our allies, he contends, we must drive simultaneously, as hard as we can, to achieve agreement on a foolproof system for the enforced disarmament of all weapons. Mr. Finletter does not underestimate the difficulties in achieving such an agreement. But he argues convincingly that the existence of the difficulties is no excuse for not making the attempt.

Here he is surely right. We must make the attempt. One reason is that there can be no better way to reassure our allies and the uncommitted peoples about the peaceful nature of our purposes. Another is that in the end the world must come to something like this. Even so tentative and narrow a check as having a U.N. radio team at every major airport in the United States and the Soviet Union could serve as groundwork for more comprehensive controls. And, at the very least, the American position in the eyes of the world could be much improved if the onus for refusal were clearly borne by the Communists.

This is Mr. Finletter's essential thesis: the building of power as a means of liberating policy, leading to new efforts at developing the strength of our allies and at negotiating with our enemies. If he has not always filled in the details in a way that would give his own argument its greatest force, at least he deserves our gratitude for setting so much that was confused in order and for bringing power and policy measurably closer.

DEFECTS OF CHARACTER, BUT WHOSE?

ERIC SEVAREID

SOMETIMES, to add to the meaning of the headlines, a reporter must be personal. Eleven years ago I was a war correspondent, flying toward China over the infamous "Hump." There came a terrifying moment when the passengers, mostly GIs, stood near the door trying to summon the courage to bail out of the crippled plane. Precious moments passed. Then one of the three civilians aboard, the diplomat who clutched a dispatch case to his chest, gave us a wry smile and leaped out. His action broke the paralysis. We all followed, and all of us but one survived.

In the weeks that followed, we were never entirely sure we would get out of those jungle mountains. In such circumstances men learn truly to know one another: who is weak, who is afraid, who is impetuous, and who is strong and calm and prudent. As the time passed, the GIs and I began to recognize the civilian with the carefully guarded dispatch case as one among us with a calm and natural courage, as one who would never panic, who never complained. He was the one we chose, for common sense and discretion, to deal with the touchy and dangerous Naga head-hunters, undecided hosts.

Mostly we feared Japanese patrols, and a day came when we heard there was a Jap patrol not far away. The colonel in charge gave orders that in case of attack we three civilians were to take guns and try to escape while the soldiers remained to fight. It was the diplomat who said, "In the first place this would be dishonorable. In the second place we'd never get out." Fortunately, there was no attack.

There was, however, a long and painful hike in rain and heat for all of us. There were moments when another step seemed quite impossible. At such moments it was generally the diplomat who would sing out with some thing like "Onward and upward with the arts!" and we would laugh and gasp and keep on climbing. I began to faint with heat and thirst on one suffocating slope; the man who left his half pint of water with me—all he had—was, of course, the diplomat.

AFTER we emerged into India and the military reports were in, there was a move in the Air Force to decorate our diplomat for his outstanding personal conduct. I do not know if he ever received the decoration. But none of us in that strange party, I think, would have disputed the choice. For I thought then, as I think now, that if ever again I were in deep trouble, the man I would want to be with would be this particular man. I have known a great number of men around the world, under all manner of circumstances. I have known none who seemed more the whole man, none more finished a civilized product in all that a man should be—in modesty and thoughtfulness, in resourcefulness and steady strength of character.

THE NAME of this man is John Paton Davies. He is the man Secretary of State Dulles, on the recommendation of a five-man board, has just broken on the wheel of official disgrace. The Foreign Service officer has been dismissed three years short of retirement and pension, after giving twenty-three years of his life—and almost life itself—in the arduous service of his government. Eight times he was investigated; eight times he was cleared. One by one the politically inspired charges of Communism or disloyalty or perjury were dropped; the ninth board came up with something new called defects of character. Mr. Davies is not, concluded the board and Mr. Dulles, of sufficient judgment, discretion, and reliability.

Sufficient, one may ask, unto *what*? Their test can only have been of supernatural design. I saw their victim measured against the most severe tests that mortal man can design. Those he passed. At the head of the class.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio, on November 8)

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La Scala, Where Opera Is Alive

MARTIN MAYER

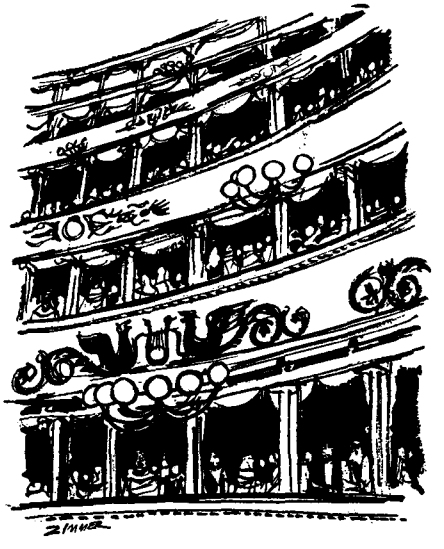
LATE last March, as the opera season was ripening to full bloom, the Teatro alla Scala of Milan presented the world premiere of two one-act operas. The first aroused no excitement, but the second achieved an uproarious fiasco. One outraged customer threw his shoes at the singers to demonstrate his feelings. To appreciate his action you must conjure up the sight, rare in the United States, of an entirely formal audience; and then imagine a dignified gentleman leaving the opera house in tuxedo, boiled shirt, black tie—and stocking feet. I wish I had seen him.

From the point of view of the directors of La Scala, however, the evening was on balance a success. Musicians and critics from all over the western world had come again to La Scala to participate in an event that might become part of the history of music. The executive staff had exercised the muscles of judgment, the artistic staff had flexed the mysterious fibers of creation. Whether these particular operas were worth the work was a question that would be answered decades later. But La Scala's management could see no question at all about the general principle of presenting new operas. In Milan on this evening a museum had become a workshop, a library had sprung to life.

THE CONSTANT search for new operas to perform is one of five pillars on which rests La Scala's eminence as the world's greatest opera house. The other four, too, are strange to American ears: complete control over musical matters by the conducting staff; forty cheap evenings a year, to keep Milan's working population in touch with the operatic world; a devotion to music's past, the previously unpopular operas of dead composers; and finally money to burn.

The Poor Old Met

By comparison, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York stands on a bed of mud, an unlucky house entirely out of the main stream of New York. It has no money, its staff spends half the year trying to extract cash from rich Patrons of Art and



poor listeners to the weekly radio broadcasts. The Met never revives an unfashionable old opera, and hasn't presented a world premiere since 1943. Whenever the Met cuts prices—for a students' matinee, or a "popular" Saturday night—it puts on stage an inferior cast led by a conductor from the second or third string. And musical matters are in nobody's control, because nobody has the time.

This is not to slam the loyal, talented people of the Met. Considering its poverty of resources, a remarkable job is done every night. Far too little honor is given to the singers, and far too much blame to the management. Over the years the Met has built up a tradition of brilliant improvisation, sound performances manufactured from bits of string, rat's tails, and sea shells. The present company at the Met executes that tradition about as well as any company ever has. Given the riches of La Scala, they could—but no, they could only sit down and cry.

A Small-Scale La Scala

Behind the theater there used to be a house; American bombers took care of that in 1943. The management of La Scala and the city and citizens of Milan looked at the rubble for almost a decade and wondered what to do with it. Meanwhile, La Scala needed a rehearsal hall for the orchestra and a place to make records; the big theater was too busy for the one and acoustically troublesome for the other. The decision was made to build a rehearsal and recording studio, and the project turned over to Dottore Ingegnere Marcello Fravelani-Rossi, a gentle, scholarly man with a brush mustache and graying hair, who is La Scala's technical director. He suggested that a rehearsal and recording studio would also be an ideal place for chamber-music concerts. And then the management, in Fravelani-Rossi's words, "remembered an old idea of Arturo Toscanini's that there should be a *Piccola Scala,* a small opera house where ultramodern works and works from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could be successfully given for a small, serious audience." In January La Scala will inaugurate this little theater with a performance on its regular standard,

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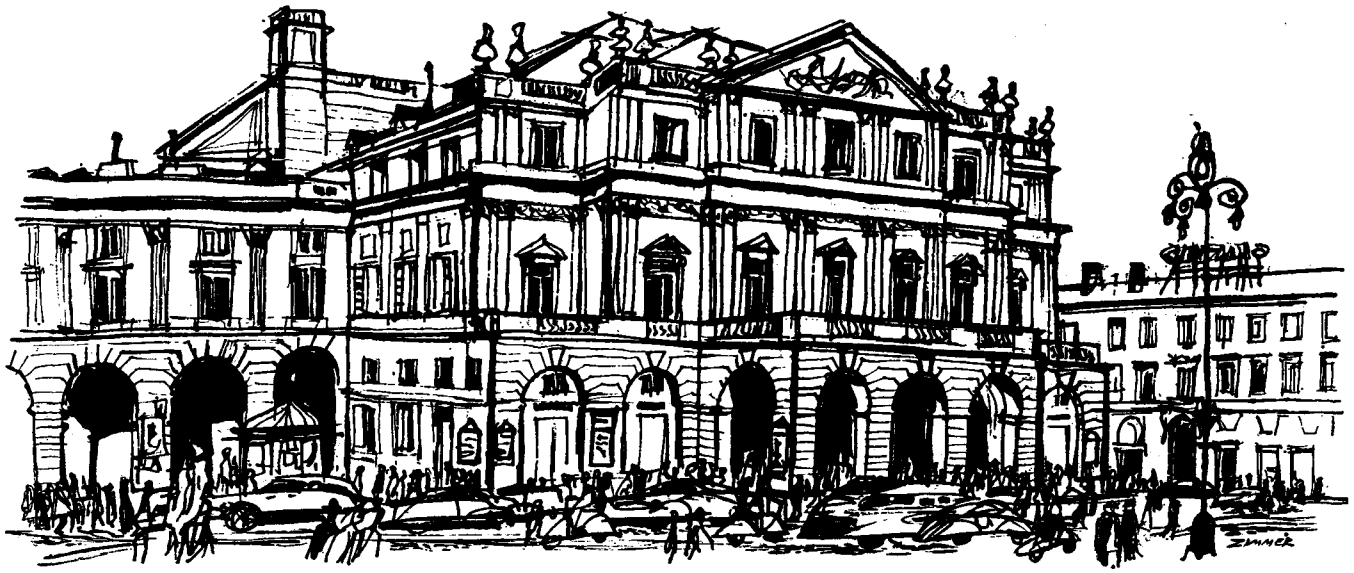

though for six hundred rather than thirty-two hundred people, of Claudio Monteverdi's *Orfeo,* an opera from the very start of the seventeenth century, the very start of opera.

Orfeo is a great work, but it makes no effect whatever in a large house. The operas of Alessandro Scarlatti, of Handel, of Haydn, of Mozart himself—even of Rossini—are all harmed by presentation in the huge barn of an opera house. They were written to be played by small orchestras and heard by small audiences. And now La Scala, alone of the world's great opera houses, will have the means to present them as they were written.

THE right-sized house, of course, is only a start. Singers trained to Verdi and Wagner are usually ineffective in anything earlier than Mozart: There is something wrong in the very coloration of the voice, which is a matter more profound than style. But La Scala has a school, the only full-time, fully professional opera school in the world, which trains young singers specifically to the pre-Romantic repertory. Six or seven promising voices, all owned by graduates of conservatories, are taken into the school every year; and after three years of intensive training (during which they receive a regular weekly salary) they become the *Cadetti della Scala.* These "cadets" form a professional company that tours all Italy, has gone to France and Denmark, and will travel to Britain and, if impresario Sol Hurok has his way, to the United States. They also broadcast over Radio Italiana, and La Scala is presently dickering with Philips of Holland (EPIC in the United States) to record with its cadets no fewer than sixty seventeenth- and eighteenth-century operas.

La Scala's school has been going since 1946. "It was the fulfillment," said Maria Cecchini, the young, very efficient general secretary, "of an idea of Arrigo Boito and Arturo Toscanini." Headquarters is now upstairs in an old wing of the theater, but when the *Piccola Scala* is finished the school will move to special rooms in the new building—rooms separated by walls interlined with fiberglass and hung from the ceiling, to be perfectly soundproof without absorbing sound; rooms with windows of two thicknesses of glass, fully air-conditioned, like the new theater and the big house itself.

Something New, Something Old

Opera in the United States might best be described as an unexceptionable entertainment. It never causes excitement, it never creates shock. It exists separate from the body of intellectual achievement; its audiences are never sure enough of their opinions or fond enough of their importance to make much fuss about anything. Our tradition of operagoing is a conservative one; Americans who go to operas generally wish to hear what they heard ten or twenty years ago.

In Italy, however, opera has held its senior place among the theatrical arts. No first night at a play has the theatrical importance or the excitement of a first night at La Scala—and La Scala has twenty *prime* a season. Every opera has its own first night, and each first night is an occasion requiring formal dress.

For these twenty *prime* nearly half of La Scala's thirty-two hundred seats sell for sixteen dollars each (eleven dollars by subscription to all). Two of the twenty will be world premieres—"We baptize operas," says Dr. Luigi Oldani, La Scala's secretary-general. Another one will be a contemporary work never before played in Italy; another a rarely played opera from the seventeenth century; another an old opera that has been out of the repertory for at least fifty years. Of the remaining fifteen, at least ten will be newly reset and newly staged and studied afresh by a new cast. To miss a first night at La Scala is to risk the loss of an original, important experience. The excitement is built in.

These first nights are often international affairs, because La Scala is always importing talent. Among the new designers for 1954 were Pablo Picasso and Ludwig Sievert; among the stage directors were Heinz Tietjen and Otto Erhardt, Roberto Rosselini (who botched up Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*), the Met's Herbert Graf, and Pierre Bertin of the Comédie Française. Eight living composers, including Gian-Carlo Menotti, were represented in the repertory, and among the works by the dead were Béla Bartók's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle,* Richard Strauss's *Elektra,* and Ferruccio Busoni's *Arlecchino.* The hit of the season was

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Luigi Cherubini's long-neglected *Medea,* with Leonard Bernstein conducting and the great Maria Callas (an American citizen) in the title part. Bernstein was not the only imported conductor—Dmitri Mitropoulos, Artur Rodzinski, and Herbert van Karajan each conducted works that were particular personal pets.

Though the *prime* are expensive, the joys of these performances are by no means reserved for the wealthy. After the first night, prices drop by half; the third night is cheaper still; the fourth night goes for a five-dollar top. That takes care of the subscription audience, eighty nights a year; for the other forty to forty-five performances of each season, the house is scaled at sixteen cents to $1.60 and at nine to eighty-five cents.

These are La Scala's *Serate per i Lavoratori,* quite literally "workers' evenings," and tickets to them can be bought only at the offices of Milan's labor unions. The same cast that sang on the first night sings at the workers' evenings, the same conductor conducts; though there is always a drop in the voltage of excitement after the *prima* there is no lowering of musical quality. I went to one of these workers' evenings to hear Renata Tebaldi's beautiful *Tosca,* and the audience was as impressive as the performance—serious, knowledgeable, correctly enthusiastic. Radio Italiana has contributed heavily to this knowledge with its 150 full-length opera broadcasts a year; but the main source of wisdom was clearly La Scala itself.

The Toscanini Heritage

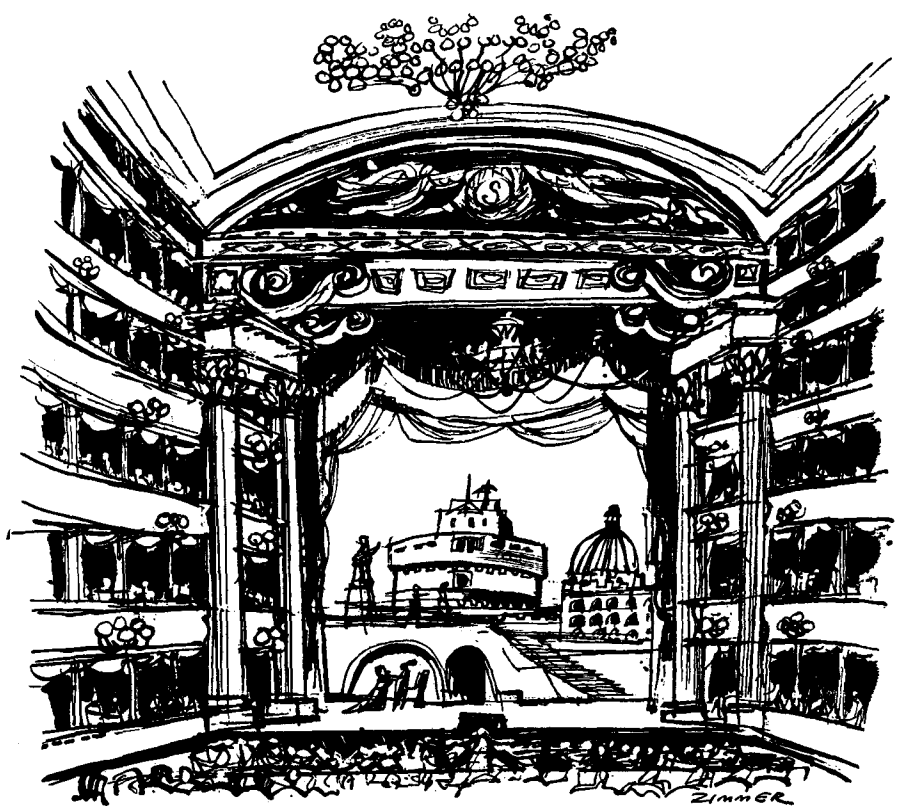
Italy remembers Toscanini not only as the thorough workman who was sure of what he wanted and had remarkable ways of getting just that, but above all as the heroic anti-Fascist who gave up his life's love, the top job at La Scala, and his life's dream, the top job at Bayreuth, because he would not work for the friends of Mussolini or Hitler. Fascism is very real and recent in the musical world of Italy, where Mussolini's boys still hold a number of the best jobs; the name Toscanini sounds a clear bell through the haze.

How much of the vitality and scholarship of contemporary La Scala traces back to Toscanini's days as director is something nobody can know, because everything good is attributed to him. But La Scala's most precious tradition is unquestionably Toscanini's legacy. All the great singers sing at La Scala, but it is a conductor's house. The conductor gets top billing in the advertisements and first praise or blame for a performance, and in all musical matters his authority is supreme.

Last year, the Met opened with Gounod's *Faust,* under the leadership of Pierre Monteux. Monteux shortly found better things to do—but *Faust* was a hit, so the Met turned it over to other conductors and played it throughout the season. La Scala's smash was Cherubini's *Medea.* "We could have given ten, twelve, fifteen performances," Dr. Oldani says. "Unfortunately, Maestro Bernstein had other engagements. So the opera was withdrawn." Every conductor trains a cast to his own conception of a work, and no conductor can get the best efforts of any cast that another man has trained. At the Paris Opéra and at the Met, conductors are simply assigned to a job, and the management keeps the most successful operas going whoever comes, whoever goes. At La Scala the conductors (in consultation with Oldani and Sovrintendente Ghirlinghelli) make their own assignments: They would never even consider directing an opera another man had prepared. Its conductors don't like cast changes, either. Since singers (and guest conductors) are customarily engaged by the month, an opera is usually removed from the season's repertory within a month of its first performance.

OPERA is the most complicated known form of entertainment, and pulling an opera into one piece takes immense amounts of time. Time is expensive where musicians are concerned; musicians are paid by the hour, whether for rehearsal or for performance. The Vienna Staatsoper therefore works its orchestra to the extent of nine performances a week, and the Met averages more than six. La Scala, because its conductors demand rehearsal time, makes do with less than five. This forbearance gives La Scala about 150 full orchestral rehearsals for every season, or an average of seven for each opera. La Scala's 150 rehearsals for twenty operas contrasts with the Met's seventy for twenty-five operas, and Vienna's twelve to fifteen for fifty operas. The quality of performance at the three houses is roughly in this ratio, too.

It is hard to describe the quality



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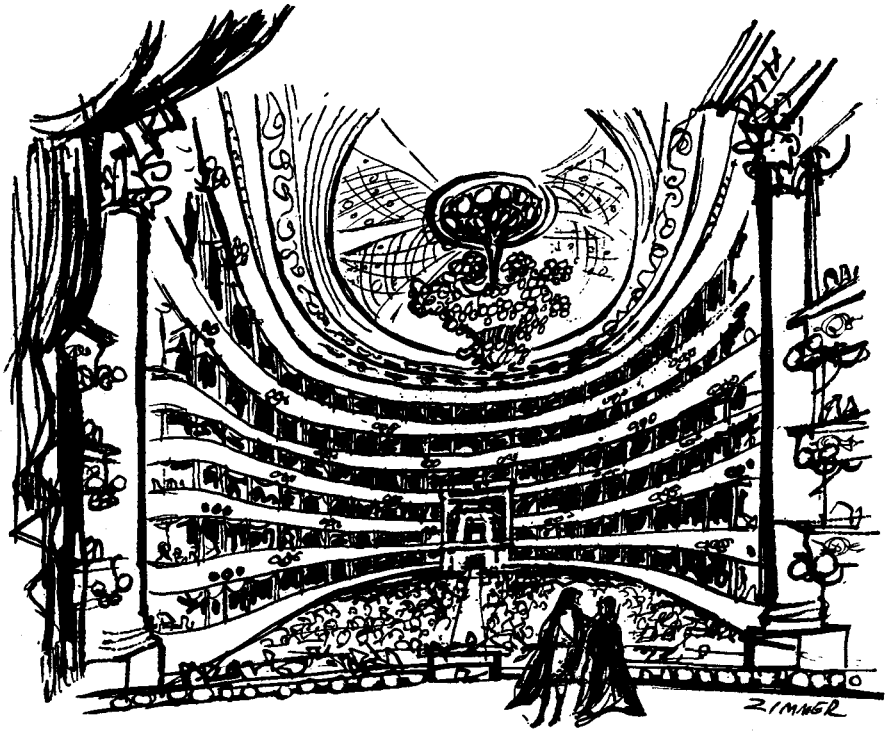

of a La Scala performance. Not everything is to be praised. The sets are usually unimaginative and often ugly—surprisingly so, considering the money spent on them and the great names hired as designers. The brilliant design tradition that is presently making over the face of Italy has not touched La Scala's sets. They function well and never interfere with the action, but their drab colors and clumsy proportions damage illusion. The Met, though sometimes ludicrous, and Paris, though often vulgar, give an opera more help with their stage sets. Elsewhere, La Scala demands better.

The orchestra, the best paid in Italy (its members average about $35 a week), is always magnificent, faultless in sound, impeccable in rhythmic execution. The separate wind band that tootles from onstage is extraterrestrial. The singers are the best Milan's money can buy: wonderful sopranos and basses, good altos, weak tenors (there is a worldwide shortage of tenors), and poor baritones (the best baritones are Americans and sing only occasionally at La Scala). The stage direction—let's forget the unfortunate Rosselini—is of the highest professional quality. Two-hundred-man armies in full regalia, wind bands of thirty or forty musicians, whole monasteries of monks move across La Scala's vast stage in perfect order, each man knowing where to go and what to do. Individual acting is always, of course, an individual matter; on the whole, thanks again to the great amount of rehearsal time and the fact that nobody is expected to sing more than seven times a month at most, the level of acting at La Scala is higher than at other opera houses. In those operas which feature Maria Callas, a great tragic actress who happens also to be an excellent singer, the level is slightly higher than on Broadway.

The Ideal in Acoustics

But these are facts rather than feelings, and it is the feel of an opera that counts. At La Scala the feeling is one of complete unity, a professional polish evenly applied to every aspect of the production, a work of art asserting itself from the stage. Part of this impression comes from the even flow of the stage direction, part from Giuseppe Piermarini's perfect eighteenth-century design for an opera house. From the outside La Scala is a square brown box with a squat porch stuck on the front. Inside, the house is elegant, gilded, and imposing (though not nearly so imposing as the Met), and the acoustics are miraculous. The sound is precisely the same at the front of the house and at the rear, at the side of the balcony and the center of the orchestra. Here all the classic tricks of voice projection really work: The orchestra can play as loud as the conductor wishes, and the voices can still be heard. Whether Piermarini was lucky or was history's greatest master of acoustical science nobody knows. But La Scala, rebuilding a bombed-out house in 1946-1947, was frankly afraid to tamper with the proportions of the architect's 1778 design.

Everything Under Control

Most important, of course, is the concentration of control in the hands of the conductors. At La Scala more than anywhere else, an operatic performance represents the execution by several hundred people of a single man's conception. The talent for tyranny is always a conductor's greatest asset, and La Scala's conductors, though no Toscaninis, are eternally masters of the iron hand. They say, probably accurately, that La Scala's orchestra is too brilliant, wild, and reckless to respond to kinder treatment. Every conductor listens to suggestions from his artists, and a man would be a fool to brush off Renata Tebaldi's instinctively perfect musical phrasing, or Maria Callas's overwhelming sense of musical characterization. But La Scala's conductors tend to compromise only when they can make the artist's suggestion an integral part of their own idea. The artist whose proposal is rejected does as instructed; responsibility and power are entirely with the conductors.

At the Met, Paris, and Vienna, performances are generally won or lost by the brilliance of the singers; and management at all three houses says, reluctantly, that the audience "comes to hear *bel canto*." At La Scala the singers alone cannot produce what the audience expects. It has eight conductors for twenty operas as against four for fifty at Vienna, three for twenty at Paris. In addition to the four non-Italians, La Scala's conducting staff consists of *Primo Direttore* Victor de Sabata, Carlo Giulini, Gianandrea Gavazzeni, and Antonino Votto. De Sabata, a kindly, frail man with violent nervous energy, is world-famous; Giulini, apparently the most generous with singers, and Gavazzeni, apparently the most scholarly, I know

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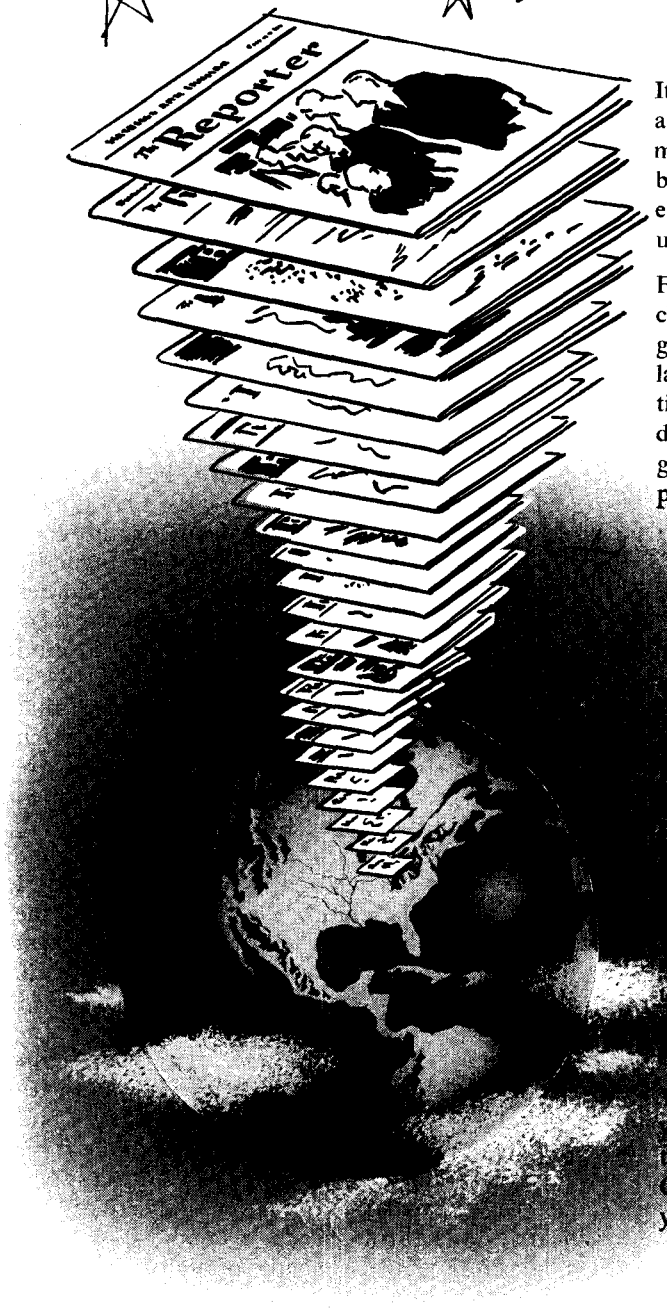

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only from report and isolated hearing. But I watched Votto work in three very dissimilar operas—Verdi's *Don Carlos,* Puccini's *Tosca,* and Wolf-Ferrari's *I Quattro Rusteghi*—and I consider him one of the greatest of operatic conductors.

He is utterly passionless when conducting. Singers don't like him, they say he has no heart. His beat is very firm, his gestures short but sharp, commanding complete obedience; in the second-act finale of *Don Carlos* he kept between thumb and baton the orchestra, a wind band of twenty-eight onstage, a chorus of eighty, eight temperamental singers, and two hundred supernumeraries. Under his direction every piece of the opera was placed exactly into its appointed niche, all friction was removed from the works, and the thing was made to run with crushing momentum, though not without delicacy and even humor. Votto is a disciple of Toscanini, and this is the Toscanini method, by which the Old Man revolutionized operatic conducting in the 1910's and 1920's. Modified in the 1950's to allow an opera more contemplative grace, it still provides that unity and force which make La Scala productions more exciting and more convincing than those of any other opera house. It is Toscanini's bequest to his best-beloved liege.

Activities and Expenses

Teatro alla Scala means Theater at the Stairs, and there once was a flight of steps there a long time ago. Milan, like New York, has leveled its ancestral hills. The stairs were gone before Giuseppe Piermarini's time, but the site had been that of a church, Santa Maria alla Scala, and the reference was kept. As has often been observed, the reference remains apt. La Scala is a kind of shrine to the Milanese, a temple to their cultural importance. In the lobby of the theater stand statues not only to Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, but to Stendhal, "who loved to call himself a Milanese."

La Scala's work is not exclusively operatic. The opera season runs from early December to early June, followed by a brief symphony season before the July vacation. August is devoted to making records and lucrative contracts. September sees the orchestra playing for the local and imported ballet troupes, October another symphony season, devoted mostly to classical German and contemporary Italian music. The final weeks of November are given over to intensive rehearsals for the opera season, and then the cycle begins all over again.

ALL TOLD, La Scala puts on close to two hundred public performances a year, and sells them out at substantial prices. Because the place is a shrine, not even the most conservative Milanese would dream of canceling his subscription because of a distaste for the mass of modern music. And because it is a shrine the Italian government (through the tax on Totocalcio, the national football pool) and the city of Milan (through its ordinary budget) put

up between them a subsidy equal to La Scala's entire revenue from selling tickets. "We think of nothing here but music," says Dr. Oldani.

Most of the money goes into music, too, but much remains. With this La Scala carries off the big spectacle, the extravaganza which is central to the plans for both Verdi and Wagner. All the accessories of theatrical production are done with a lavishness and attention to detail that Cecil B. De Mille might envy.

Workshops and Technique

About half an hour's taxi ride from the theater is a complex of five attached buildings behind a brick fence and locked doors. Here a permanent staff of two hundred people makes, moves, stores, and guards the sets and costumes for La Scala's operas and ballets. Forty-five thousand costumes are stored in long wardrobes on the ground floor of one building; sets for 230 stage presentations are stored on the six floors of the warehouse next door. Each opera has a box the size of a living room, and an enormous elevator on a ceiling trolley comes to the box and removes the sets when their month arrives. Unlike the Met, which has to bring today's set from the warehouse today, La Scala stores a month's worth of scenery in the theater itself.

The new sets are made next door to the warehouse, some of them according to a new plan developed by Fravelani-Rossi—short iron tubes, linked by polygonal screw joints, which are strong, easily mounted, and easily dismantled. Next door again, drops are painted by five or sometimes six squads of painters, three men to a squad, in a low-ceilinged and brilliantly lighted room under the eaves, so large that a backdrop can be rolled out on the floor in one piece. Costumes are made by some fifty seamstresses in another enormous room, with racks for complete costumes standing around loaded to testify to the work.

There are two pleasures here: that of handling the marvelously rich stuffs from which the costumes are made and that of pride. I mentioned to Arturo Brambilla, the round, cheerful chief of La Scala's costume department, how splendidly regal I had found the costume for the Queen of Spain in Verdi's *Don Carlos.* "You liked it?" he said. "Thank you. I made it myself."

BESIDE La Scala's stage, three flights up, is an L-shaped room with 360 switches in one part of the L and 360 vacuum tubes in the other. This is the nerve center of La Scala's spectacular and uniquely effective stage lighting. Each of the 360 switches controls a bank of lights. The vacuum tubes, in turn, control the switches, giving an almost infinite number of degrees of intensity of light. These electonic circuits can supply as much as twenty minutes of slow brightening or darkening.

Lighting effects are written out

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for the two engineers on special worksheets before each performance, and the music is piped into their room by loudspeakers so that they can tell whether the conductor is taking this scene a little faster tonight, a little slower. In addition, a representative of the staging department is always on duty at a raised platform to the rear of the Royal Box, commenting into a microphone as the lighting effects appear on the stage.

The lighting engineer, an agile young man in an open shirt, struck a pose and grinned. "No wife," he said, "no children. I married the theater." Then he turned serious. "Everybody marries the theater. . . . Wait a minute. I'll show you something."

He turned off the lights and started clicking switches. In the back of the L the vacuum tubes lit up, bank on bank, 360 circuits, a futurist violet that filled the room. *"Bellissima,* eh?" he said.

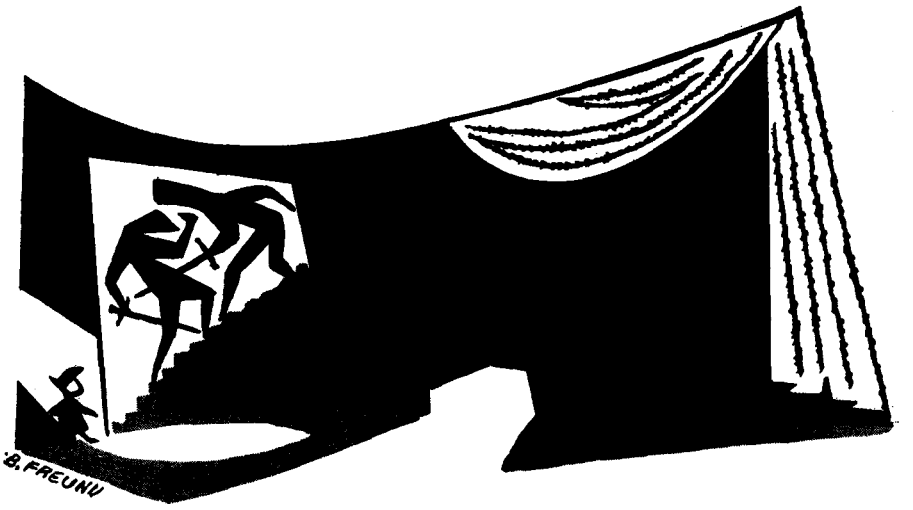
"Yes," said Fravelani-Rossi tolerantly, "but it is six years old now. There are improvements; soon we will replace it."

Working Together

On our way down from the lighting aerie we passed a stagehands' lair, with a blackboard for working orders in front of the door. On the blackboard was a caricature of Fravelani-Rossi. He looked at it and grinned shyly, then looked away. I asked him about it and he said, "Oh, yes, that was me."

Rank is usually as important in Italy as in the U.S. Navy, but La Scala takes it lightly. There is a quiet, cheerful informality, a kind of professional friendship that has nothing to do with employer and employee. They are all in-laws together, because everybody is married to the theater. La Scala's workers attend the workers' evenings, and once a year there is a special gala performance for La Scala people and their families. The pride of the house extends to the sweepers; backstage sparkles clean at La Scala as at no other opera house.

"We never have any trouble with our unions," says Dr. Oldani, "the musicians or the others. I'm not boasting about it, it's just true. We think of nothing here but music. They respect us for that."



CHANNELS:

Fresh Air

MARYA MANNES

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY happens now when truth is spoken. It is as if a window were suddenly opened in a stale and suffocating room, and air rushed in. This has happened to me four times lately, and each time I have taken a deep breath of gratitude. Perhaps truth could be called the oxygen of the spirit, without which the spirit cannot live.

Truth was spoken in a short play called "Brewsie and Willie" on "Omnibus" (CBS-TV) not long ago. Gertrude Stein wrote the original story of Second World War soldiers. Two young women, Ellen Violett and Lisabeth Blake, translated this truth in terms of theater with superb fidelity and art.

The play is deceptively simple: four soldiers in a bar, and a girl who belongs to none of them, talking—plain G.I. talk, colloquial yet never consciously "simple." It is V-E Day in Paris, and they are waiting to go home, and they talk of how they feel and what sort of world they will find at home. Brewsie—a passionate examiner of truth—does most of the talking. Willie—tough, angry, cynical—rejects this truth because he is afraid of it. It is only after the girl understands his fears that he comes to accept Brewsie's truth as his own salvation. The play ends with Brewsie alone, the last to leave the bar, calling for his crutches. Brewsie can think straight but he can hardly walk.

The whole made a profoundly moving experience, as fresh now as it must have been ten years ago; a moment—for Gertrude Stein's G.I.s, at least—not of celebration but of revelation, anguished and tender.

"Brewsie and Willie" was performed by the Touring Players, a group of young actors who have played it in many parts of the country in the past three years. You can feel that this play is a part of them, intimate and real; it is so communicated. It is also no accident that one of its adapters, Miss Violett, was responsible for another moment of truth last winter with her version of Pamela Frankau's "The Duchess and the Smugs." It too was on "Omnibus."

TRUTH has spoken often in "The Search," a new documentary series on CBS-TV in which the network and the great universities have joined in the examination of vital themes. Listen, for instance, to this verbatim transcript from "San Quen-

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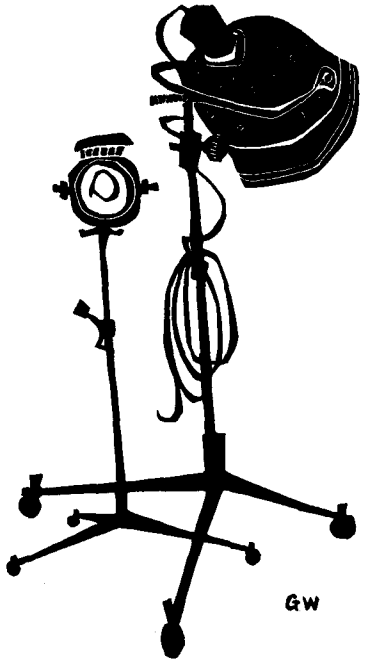
tin"—part of the University of California's project, "Penology Research." Two convicts are talking in their cell to Charles Romine, the narrator:

"I HATE the cell. I hate a cell so bad it's pitiful. The only thing I want to do in a cell is go to sleep and when I get up I want that door to be open so that I can get out. I can't stand a cell . . ."

"I don't believe that time helps you cause it doesn't. It just callouses you more and more. . . . We're human beings. . . . We have our own emotions and the main thing in a human being is love and understanding and if he don't get it, you just become—what? . . . An animal. Have you ever been in a crowd and been lonesome? Have you? Well, that's how we feel all the time. Have you ever been in a crowd with no one and you're lonesome, you want somebody? The average guy goes out of here, the first girl that says 'Hello' to him, he's in love. Why? Cause he has no love and affection, no understanding's been shown to him for four or five years and he becomes just so lonely, man, and he gets out of here and he's down. And when they go out of here, the average man, he knows before he goes out that he's going to get back, and that's the average man . . ."

The "average man" who said this is, I am told, a hardened criminal, a "repeater." You saw only the back of his head, young and black-haired, but the urgency of his voice shocked so that it hurt.



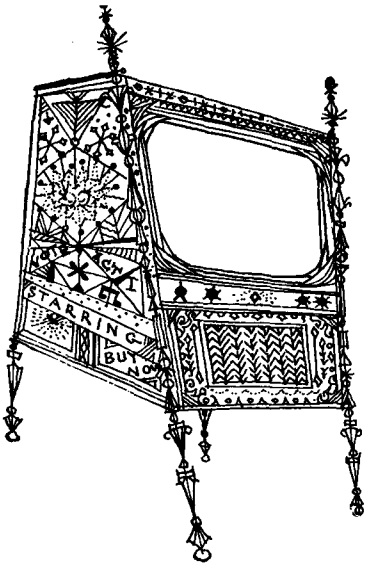
"The Search"—"to know and understand Man and his world"—ranges far and wide. The public has already seen one on stuttering, made at the University of Iowa speech clinic. In the twenty-four to come this winter, projects include Arkansas Folklore Research, Uranium Prospecting and Mining, Robot Machines and Automaton Research, Old Age, Child Development, and Research into Aviation Medicine.

Each half-hour program is filmed on location with the people involved playing themselves. To Irving Gitlin, the producer, must go the credit of letting truth speak for itself; of editing the raw facts so that the shape of truth is uncluttered by "effects," clear and coherent. It has been a long time since the documentary has been just that: reality, undressed, undubbed—and understood.

TRUTH SPOKE in another union of television and the universities: WRCA-TV's "Princeton, '54," a series seen in the New York area last season and now repeated on a network basis every Sunday afternoon at two.

The one I saw concerned the excursion of men's minds into the future. Dr. Dudley Johnson of the Department of English at Princeton took up four books: William Morris's *News from Nowhere,* H. G. Wells's *The World Set Free,* Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World,* and George Orwell's *1984.* Four actors, taking the parts of the philosophical protagonists in each book, spoke those passages which expressed the core of their author's thinking. Morris's vision of socialism and Wells's dream of science were superseded by the nightmares of the regulated societies of Huxley and Orwell, and Dr. Johnson did not have to press home the nudging closeness of these futures.

A grave and gentle man, addressing himself to equals, he managed to speak of dignity and freedom as if they were fresh words and, indeed, fresh goals. In this half hour oxygen again circulated in the blood



and awoke the mind so that one wanted to read and read and talk and talk as one used to do out of hunger for wisdom.

TRUTH SPEAKS when Dr. Frank C. Baxter is on TV, as he is every Sunday on "Now and Then" over CBS at three o'clock, for this professor at the University of Southern California has the high quality of the born teacher—the ability to make learning an excitement, to communicate creative thought in terms that any who wish to can understand. Dr. Baxter's series on Shakespeare, recently ended, drew the greatest and most favorable reaction to any local show in the station's history. People discovered that this was not education; this was stimulation. Like his students, they sat transfixed while they watched this jovial, bald, and broad-faced man with glasses walk from desk to lectern to bookshelf to table, using small figures (Othello, Richard III, Hamlet) which he makes himself, old prints, little stage sets, books, and above all his fluent hands, to bring ideas to life, while with the actor's skill and the sage's memory he read great words of the past as if they were current tender.

Now he is doing the same thing on a network basis. For the moment he is leaving Shakespeare for other writers and other times. There is a lot of ham in Dr. Baxter; he is the first to admit it. He loves to talk, he loves to be heard, he loves people, he loves the stir he is making. Yet

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how else could he—as he did the other day—make a poet like Tennyson moving and real to the people of today? In this first of a series on Victorian poets, Baxter dared extol Victorian virtues as he criticized Victorian faults and in so doing to speak of truth and beauty—as Johnson spoke of dignity and freedom—as if they were attainable treasures of man.

These four moments of truth are a high tribute to television, for they are, in the deepest sense of the phrase, a public service. They show that the education of the heart and mind can be enduring entertainment, in which the viewer ceases to be a spectator, inert and passive, and becomes a participant. They show the truth of art, as in "Brewsie and Willie"; the truth of selected reality, as in "The Search"; the truth of vision, as in "Princeton '54"; the truth of thought, as in "Now and Then."

ADMITTEDLY, moments like these are not frequent in any field: books, theater, movies, radio, or television. But they are not so rare on TV as they used to be. And perhaps the day will come when the networks, convinced of the public hunger by the success of such programs, will cease to set them apart on the one day consciously devoted to "higher" things, Sunday, and feed us this kind of entertainment throughout the week, as part of our daily lives. After a hard day at the office, Shakespeare can do as much for us as Lucy. More, perhaps?

Open the window wider, boys, the air feels wonderful.

MOVIES:
Scotch and Guinness

ROBERT BINGHAM

HAVING MADE MENTION in this space of the current renaissances in the movie industries of two nations that were defeated in the last world war, Italy and Japan, I feel obliged to say a few words now about the accomplishments of the ever-victorious British.

The British are not notable for the production of what I would call "great" movies, but they have made a remarkable number of very good ones. Perhaps that's because "great" movies, like other great works of art, wrestle with problems that are essentially insoluble and usually end with somebody dying or going away, because there's nothing else left to be done; the contemporary British temperament, with exceptions like "Odd Man Out" and "Brief Encounter" that make the rule I am about to enunciate look foolish, is far too stable to bother much about what can't be done when there are so many splendid things that *can* be done.

Most of the British pictures we see in this country—they keep the stinkers at home—set themselves modest and attainable goals, reach them with that peculiarly British efficiency that doesn't mind making fun of itself, and end with a warm but unstated suggestion that our fellow man may not be such a bad sort after all. British moviemakers rarely reach the peaks scaled by the more volatile French and Italians, or even Hollywood, but year in and year out their record for excellent entertainment is far more consistent.

LIKE anyone else, the British are not above adopting a formula that has proved itself. If you have seen "I Know Where I'm Going" and "Tight Little Island" you will detect a familiar pattern in "High and Dry." The idea is that all a rootless victim of urban and industrial tensions needs in order to find peace with himself is a long week-end among the lovable Scots. The turning point is usually reached at a gathering of the clans, complete with bonny lassies and their lads dancing the reel and a speech in Gaelic by the oldest living inhabitant; suddenly the visitor's citified tensions melt away as he sees, through moist eyes, that here, in all its folksy simplicity, is true happiness.

In "High and Dry" the patient is Paul Douglas as an American tycoon who is desperately anxious to get a shipment of deep freezes and assorted household appliances delivered to a thatched cottage in the heather where he hopes to save his foundering marriage. The canny Scottish therapists are headed by Alex Mackenzie as the captain of a disreputable scow that encounters all the difficulties man, nature, and the J. Arthur Rank people can devise before the American finally realizes that, after all, there are some things even more valuable than a cargo of plumbing fixtures. The scenery is beautiful, the Scots are lovable, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Douglas emerges from the experience a wiser and better man.

ANOTHER FORMULA that the British have exploited with even greater success is to take any old plot and then let one or more truants from the first grade, of whom the British seem to have an astonishingly talented assortment at hand, go ahead and steal the picture. There have been "The Fallen Idol," "The Rocking Horse Winner," "Tony Draws a Horse," "The Mudlark," and a couple of others. The one I liked best was "The Little Kidnappers."

The setting is Nova Scotia some fifty years ago, and while the scenery is beautiful, the transplanted Scots are not altogether lovable. Duncan Macrae portrays—and very well—a hard-bitten, humorless farmer who won't let his orphaned grandsons (Jon Whitely and Vincent Winter) have a dog because "You

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can't eat a dog," and won't let his daughter (Adrienne Corri) have the kindly Dutch doctor she wants (Theodore Bikel) because the children's father was killed in the Boer War. The boys run afoul of the law when they find a baby and decide to keep it as the pet they have been denied. As you might expect, this time it is Grandpa who emerges from the experience a wiser and better man. The plot is hardly an inspired one, but the children's antics make "The Little Kidnappers" one of the most cheerful ways to spend an evening I can think of.

As I watched Jon Whiteley (age eight) and Vincent Winter (age five) manfully shoulder the most important and most difficult roles in "The Little Kidnappers," I recalled Shirley Temple's simpering rendition of "The Good Ship Lollypop," and it occurred to me that the principal charm of kids in British movies proceeds from the fact that they are given serious jobs of acting to do. They are not encouraged, as so many Hollywood brats have been, to give adult-contrived impersonations of cute tots.

IN "The Detective" Alec Guinness appears as G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, an amateur sleuth bent on recovering not only stolen goods but also the soul of the thief who stole them. In this instance the priest is up against one Flambeau (Peter Finch), a dashing French aristocrat who steals priceless works of art not for profit but simply because he likes to have them around. Flambeau's inevitable progress toward the sawdust trail is facilitated not only by Father Brown's intrepid criminology but also by the presence in his flock of a wealthy young widow, played by the throaty Joan Greenwood. Surely the rewards of virtue are sweeter than those of sin.

Guinness, as usual, is superb. He is a master of that consummate versatility which enables an actor to maintain his own identity in each of his varying roles, so that he is not just putting on a painted mask but creating an interpretation. If the British have not provided many candidates for my arbitrarily defined category of "great" movies, they have provided more than their share of great actors.

States' Rights And Senator Neuberger

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS, by Richard L. Neuberger. *Oxford University Press. $3.50.*

THREE-quarters of a century ago James Bryce observed, in *The American Commonwealth*, that municipal government was the one conspicuous failure of American democracy. This generalization is no longer true. Where state constitutions and legislatures permit, city government has shown marked improvement. The most conspicuous failure in our political system is state government, a failure that appears to be organic.

This is the central theme of Mr. Neuberger's loosely knit book—the inadequacy of the states to perform the most essential tasks of government, the hypocrisy of those who would "give back" to the states control over natural resources and many vital social services, and the necessity for thoroughgoing reform of the structure of state government. The issue is no longer the fairly simple one of corruption—though that is still with us—but the far more complex one of adjusting a government designed for a simple rural economy to the urgent claims of a complex national economy.

In one form or another this conflict is as old as the Republic itself. It was the central problem of the period of Confederation; it was the crucial issue of the Constitutional Convention; it emerged, in its classic form, in the controversies over the Hamiltonian program and the Alien and Sedition Acts. Thereafter it persisted but lost dignity and consistency. Fear of the national government and alleged concern for the rights of states persuaded the Federalists that the nation could not go through with the Louisiana Purchase, admit states and territories formed from that vast region, or call on the state militias to fight in wartime. Monopolists who wanted to control the inland waterways argued states' rights, and so too did slaveholders who claimed the same right for slavery as for freedom. Martin Van Buren questioned the power of the nation to use its lands to help the feeble-minded, and Franklin Pierce its power to support education, though the precedents were pretty clearly the other way.

States' rights challenged the power of the President to preserve the Union by acts of war; it challenged the right of the nation to regulate its own currency; it challenged the right of levying an income tax—and tirelessly seeks, even now, to restrict that right. States' rights championed the rights of labor—the right of men to work as long as they pleased in any jobs of their choice; the right of women to work night as well as day and at any wages, however low; the right of children to work without interference from Congress. States' rights fought equal rights for women and for Negroes, resisted national intervention in the conservation of natural resources, opposed the Tennessee Valley Authority, and held social security a dangerous invasion of its own and private rights.

THE New Deal returned to the nationalist tradition of Washington, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt in politics, of Marshall and Story and Harlan and Holmes in law. It was perhaps inevitable that all this should bring on a reaction. The most striking characteristics of that reaction—of the current states'-rights program—are cupidity, inconsistency, and lack of intellectual content. It is cupidity that has reached out for offshore oil, for hydroelectric power, for the private development of atomic energy, for grasslands and mineral lands and park lands. Yet this program—it cannot be called a philosophy—is wholly lacking in consistency. Politicians who deplore Federal interest in the health of children as a form of socialism are eager enough to demand Federal in-

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terest in the diseases of cattle, and the same men who regard national support to slum clearance as Communistic are insistent upon national subsidies to agriculture. It is this combination of cupidity and inconsistency that has made it so difficult for the states'-righters of our time to formulate a respectable philosophy. Such a philosophy would boast some degree of consistency and reveal some degree of disinterestedness.

One Hundred a Year

It would be misleading to suggest that Mr. Neuberger's book is in any sense an attack upon genuine states' rights or an appeal for the Leviathan state. Though Mr. Neuberger opposes the offshore-oil decision and supports Federal development of electric power and of forest and grazing lands, he is more nearly a states'-righter than most of those who invoke the phrase. For he is genuinely concerned with the welfare of the states, concerned that the states should recover some of the vitality that they have lost so as to perform adequately the many tasks that have been assigned them. He doesn't tell us that the states should not exercise certain powers, but that they cannot. He argues not that they should be weakened but that they should be strengthened. He is deeply anxious about the practice of laying on the states burdens heavier than they can bear. He is deeply alarmed because the states seem unable to resist the inroads of private and selfish interests. He reminds us that much of "states' rights" is merely camouflage for private rights. And he asks us to interest ourselves in state government sufficiently to strengthen it so that it can resist the invasions of private business and perform the many duties laid upon it.

Mr. Neuberger argues all this not theoretically but with a wealth of practical argument. The states, he tells us, are simply unable to perform the duties that President Eisenhower—and Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay—would lay upon them. They lack the resources, the personnel, the techniques and skills. Many of them stagger along under archaic constitutions, others under constitutions so elaborate and so frequently amended (that of California has over three hundred amendments) that they serve as strait jackets. Their financial resources are often meager and they dole them out sparingly to their civil servants—but often lavishly enough to fortunate corporations. Though state legislators are responsible for billions of dollars annually, many of them are expected to serve for a pittance. New Hampshire pays its legislators one hundred dollars a year; Oregon does better—it pays six hundred. Since it costs ten or twelve thousand to get elected to the Oregon legislature—and perhaps fifty or a hundred thousand to the governorship—only the well-to-do can serve, or those who have other sources of income, present or future.

And since few legislators can pay their own campaign expenses, interested organizations must raise the money—the power lobby, perhaps, or the real-estate interests or the lumber barons. And it is still true that those who pay the piper call the tune. Mr. Neuberger suggests two or three illustrations of this in his state. Item: A joker in the constitution exempts a corporation from income tax if ninety-five per cent of its income comes from property; every effort to change this has been defeated—and usually by rural votes! Item: Of the more than four million acres of school land originally granted by the Federal government, Oregon has less than one million left—and only ten million dollars in the school fund. The State of Washington, which received only a little over two million acres, retains most of it, and boasts fifty million in its school fund. Perhaps the noncompetitive sale of timber in Oregon—and the land on which it stands—explains the discrepancy.

The Disfranchised Cities

These are not the only difficulties that afflict most of our states. There is the handicap of a one-party system. No fewer than twenty states may be counted as one-party states—twelve Democratic and eight Republican. If a two-party system is desirable and a strong Opposition healthy, almost half the states of the Union are in an unhealthy situation. There is the inequity of unequal representation. Almost everywhere rural constituencies are overrepresented and urban underrepresented. Los Angeles and San Francisco have almost half the population of California, but only five per cent of the representation. Hartford, Connecticut, with a population of 170,000, has the same representation as Colebrook, with a population of 547. Baltimore has almost fifty per cent of Maryland's population, but less than one-third of its representatives. No wonder that the interests of urban communities are neglected! The disfranchisement extends from state to national politics. Public attention is often called to the seeming anomaly of equal representation for great and small states in the Senate. This is presumably balanced by proportionate representation in the House. But the Eighth Congressional District of Texas contains more than 800,000 people, and the Seventeenth a mere 226,000. Similarly, the First Connecticut District—which is Democratic—embraces more than half a million people; the Fifth—which is Republican—fewer than 300,000.

THESE ARE MERELY some of the things wrong with our state governments today. If the champions of states' rights really meant what they declaim, they would address themselves to these problems. For until the states are competent to cope with the practical problems of a modern economy and society, until they have civil servants and legislatures paid well enough to be beyond temptation and with security of tenure where such security is essential, until they develop the techniques of investigation and research that any big business must have, until they restore the two-party system and thus guarantee an alert Opposition, until they re-enfranchise large elements of their population—until they do all these things it is not only futile but downright dangerous to preach a return to states' rights. It is no use "giving back" to the states tasks they cannot perform. It is no use expecting them to be more democratic or more efficient than the Federal government if nondemocracy and inefficiency are built into their very constitutions. It is positively dangerous to hand over to them control over water power or forests or grazing lands or offshore oil if there is no assurance that they will preserve

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them for the benefit of future generations.

Mr. Neuberger has thus given us a primer of politics. This primer would merit attention in any circumstances, for as publicist and state senator he has shown boldness, originality, enterprise, and a judicious temperament. As a statement of the interests and principles of United States Senator Neuberger, his primer commands attention. For he is not only junior Senator from Oregon, but by a quirk of fate the Senator whose election has tipped the balance of power to the Democrats.

MR. NEUBERGER has never been of a shy and retiring disposition, and he will not be unhappy now that the national spotlight is upon him. He has long been articulate on many subjects; now everything that he says is sure to interest a national audience. The issues that he discussed most successfully in his campaign—conservation of forest and soil and expansion of hydroelectric power—have been of peculiar interest to the Northwest; now it may be possible to dramatize them to the whole country and make them the paramount issues of the next campaign. Perhaps Senator Neuberger will even have an opportunity to do something about those two quantitative issues that have such far-reaching qualitative implications: the high cost of campaigns that defeats genuine independence and the gross disproportion of representation in state and nation that frustrates democracy.

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Covarrubias: Caricaturist Into Anthropologist

REG MASSIE

THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT: INDIAN ART OF THE AMERICAS—NORTH AMERICA, by Miguel Covarrubias. *Knopf. $15.00.*

DAVID LOW, the celebrated London *Daily Mail* caricaturist, once observed that it is quite a bit to ask a man who has just had his hat knocked off by a ripe tomato to appreciate the skill and artistry of the performance. It is also quite a bit nowadays to find an editor imaginative enough to give a caricaturist free rein. Yet without such freedom, this type of satire is impossible.

New York in the 1920's had two such rarely perceptive, courageous editors: Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair* and Harold Ross of the *New Yorker*. A satirical revolution was launched—a phantasmagoric spectacle with the brilliance of tropical birds. It spared no one. Philosopher, author, politician, and artist all felt its wit and impudence; it needed no captions; it had merely to be looked at to be understood.

The creator of this world of satire was an eighteen-year-old self-taught Mexican—Miguel Covarrubias. Understanding English imperfectly, often he was ignorant as to whether his model was actor, painter, or politician. In spite of this handicap (or because of it) his caricatures went deeper than mere misdirection of line. In less than four years Covarrubias was a celebrity; he had published books, done scenery and costumes for Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," designed three ballets, contributed prolifically to *Vanity Fair* such features as his "Impossible Interviews," unequaled before or since in wit and imagination, contributed regularly to the *New Yorker,* and done a series of Negro studies that foreshadowed his interest in the races of mankind.

In 1930, realizing the dream of many artists, Covarrubias got a Guggenheim Fellowship. His choice of travel was not Paris but Bali. On the crossing he took enough lessons from a Malayan sailor to be able, on reaching his destination, to speak the language pretty well. For nine months he lived among the Balinese and absorbed their history, religion, and habits. All his knowledge he put into a book, an ambitious book full of illustrations depicting the highly complex culture of these handsome people. With the warmth and understanding of an admirer, he showed in *Island of Bali* how to caricature a race with a minimum of exaggeration. Through his drawings he also discovered parallels between the art forms of the islanders and some of those of his own Mexican people. This find inspired him to a new career. For the next few years he studied and researched. He accompanied several archaeological expeditions to Mexico and Central America, became an expert on the "Olmec" culture of southern Mexico, taught, lectured, and wrote about his finds. Again his exciting designs began to appear in our magazines, but now not so frequently, for the subject matter was mainly archaeological.

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Impossible Interviews: Noel Coward, Will Rogers

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In 1939, the Golden Gate International Exposition gave Covarrubias an opportunity. He was commissioned to do six decorative mural maps called "Pageant of the Pacific." These murals were to depict the racial stock, economy, habitat, flora and fauna, and art of Oceania.

But Covarrubias went much further; his observations and knowledge of these sections of the world were uncanny, and here again he showed the impudence of the satirist. Theories treated with the utmost caution by archaeologists were cast to the winds. Boldly, with the strength of a whirling Van Gogh sky, the currents of the Pacific pick up people, art objects, flora, canoes, steles, and habitations to scatter them on other shores. The mural maps are Covarrubias's tribute to the sagas of those intrepid mariners of the South Pacific who, in the slenderest of craft, traversed distances that stagger the imagination.

The Americas

Again the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, Covarrubias traveled southward in his own country to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Here were more people he could champion. These admirable natives have resisted conquest for centuries, and their art, language, and mode of living are nearly as they were a thousand years ago. After exhaustive research came *Mexico South* in 1946.

His present volume, undoubtedly the first of a series, deals with North America—Alaska, Canada, and the United States. The first part is taken up with the numerous theories as to the settling of these sections, theories of the descent of man and the intermingling of races, and the way archaeologists use art objects for dating their finds. He is excited by the miraculous new technique developed by Dr. Willard F. Libby of the University of Chicago by which dates can be established for such materials as charcoal, wood, textiles, and ivory, with a marginal error of only 250 years either way. Recently the technique exposed the hoax of the Piltdown man. Now it is ready to refute or substantiate the numerous theories that have baffled archaeologists about our past.

The second part deals with the aesthetics and culture of the North American Indian. Covarrubias deplores the regrettable attitude of many people toward the North American Indian as the barbaric and romantic redskin, the noble savage brandishing a tomahawk and chasing covered wagons; the popular concept of North American Indian art as a dismal mixture of leering totem poles, beaded buckskins, and garish swastika-decorated rugs. He does a great service in familiarizing us with the advanced culture of some of these tribes. Even our Constitution has a forerunner of its concept of federalism in the make-up of the Iroquois Confederacy.

Covarrubias goes on to state that "the so-called 'primitive arts' are by no means primitive, for they are generally the result of a long process of selection and stylization, and are generally conditioned by the development of technique. The component elements of these 'primitive' arts often became purely decorative, even if they were originally symbolic. . . ."

Stone Women and André Malraux

The realism, or rather naturalism, of the so-called "primitive arts" proceeds from careful observation to rearrange lines and re-create lines and forms to fit an aesthetic ideology and traditional style. "Few if any of these arts aspire to the literal realism we inherited from the decadent aspects of Greco-Roman culture. Faced by an example of this sort of academic work of art, the aboriginal artist shows indifference or regards it as a useless fraud, an imitation of something impossible to imitate—life itself. Ralph Linton tells of a Polynesian sculptor of the Marquesas Islands who, upon seeing a picture of an academic marble nude, asked 'What is the use of making a stone woman that did not feel or smell like a woman?' "

Covarrubias contends that "In judging the arts of other peoples we are considerably handicapped by our established aesthetic traditions and by the prevailing dogma of racial superiority. It was only in the latter part of the past century that the most restless intellectuals and artists revolted against the old academic dogmas and aesthetic prejudices and began to abandon the Greco-Roman ideal. Partly because of European interests in the Near and Far East and partly because of the decadence of Western art, which had drained dry its classic sources of inspiration, such artists of the time as Beardsley

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Vanity Fair

The Beach in Sanur

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and Whistler and writers like Lafcadio Hearn experimented with the teachings of Oriental art as a means of liberation from academicism, creating in time a new artistic outlook. Later on, the cult of the exotic was given a new impetus by the European policy of colonial expansion. The romance of the savage colored people, the lure of the tropics, the charm and fascination of primitive life, became favorite subjects of such writers as Pierre Loti, Herman Melville, Rudyard Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and of painters like Paul Gauguin. Explorers, officers of military expeditions, and missionaries brought back from Africa, the South Seas, and Indian America great ethnographic collections that awed the civilized Westerner: the frightful sorcerers' masks, the blood-caked fetishes, the leering idols, the crude amulets, the knives, spears, and war-clubs. These were curios, trophies of war—ethnography, but not art.

"Finally the revolutionary artists of the twentieth century—Picasso, Modigliani, Brancusi, Klee, Miró, Rivera, Henry Moore—and such art critics and poets as Apollinaire, Elie Faure, Marius de Zayas, Tristan Tzara, Stieglitz, Louis Aragon, Eluard, and Breton discovered and collected the 'primitive arts' of Africa, Malaysia, Oceania, and Indian America. In this manner, our contemporary intellectuals drew from these arts a new aesthetic outlook and used it to feed and revitalize our contemporary art, thus creating our present aesthetic ideal."

These theories are highly controversial and impudent. To get at least one contradiction we turn to André Malraux, in his *The Voices of Silence:* "However, our Renaissance of the art of savages is more than a rebirth of fatalism. If the fetishes were to enter Our Museum Without Walls charged with their full significance, it would be necessary that not merely a handful of artists and connoisseurs but the white races as a whole should abandon that belief in Free Will which since the days of Rome had been the white man's birthright. He had to consent to the supremacy of that part of him which belongs to the dark underworld of being.

"To its avowed supremacy, not merely to its incorporation in his culture. Thus there was no question of deciding what place in the museum should be assigned to these primitive arts; for once they are allowed fully and freely to voice their message, they do not merely invade the museum, they burn it down. Yet, whether Europe listens to that ancient lamentation of civilizations under threat of death, or whether she shuts her ears, the culture and art of the West are not dependent solely on her fate; a metamorphosis of modern art is bound to come, but this metamorphosis may well be linked up with the birth of an American culture, the triumph of Russian communism—or, perhaps, a resurrection of Europe. Persian art swept India after Timur's conquests, and half the world has acclaimed for many centuries the glory that was Greece. History gives short shrift to any theory that art values are rooted in a country's native soil. Though our culture may listen to the voices clamoring for its abdication, it has not yet relinquished its will to conquest. The Uffizi at Florence has not given place to the Museum of Ethnology, nor as yet have fetishes found their way into factory or farm, or the drawing-room."

Lure of the Primitive

Less passionate observers than Covarrubias or Malraux have taken the attitude that the most obvious characteristic of modern artistic taste is simplicity. Leonhard Adam feels that "Living in a highly complicated world, noisy and mechanized to breaking point, and caught up in a speed of living far too fast for him, twentieth-century man has developed a strong tendency toward simplicity—simplicity in the external forms of daily life, a distaste for ornamentation in architecture, furniture, and utensils, and a preference for primitiveness and spontaneity, rather than refinement and sophistication. That is why the simplicity of many primitive arts appeals to him so strongly."

The South Revisited

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD, by Hamilton Basso. *Doubleday. $3.95.*

THE TOWN of Pompey's Head that Hamilton Basso revisits and presents in his latest novel lies within a few miles of the Atlantic Coast somewhere between Maryland and Florida—far removed, be it said at once, from Yoknapatawpha County but well below the Mason-Dixon Line which defines the view it affords its inhabitants. Not its size but rather its Southernness is what concerns the author.

Once again we have a diagnosis of the American South, though neither a post-mortem nor the account of a terminal malady. The South, Mr. Basso claims—and sustains this claim with considerable power—suffers chronically from an irritating, frustrating, belittling, and unreasoning but never fatal obsession with its past. *The Shinto Tradition of the American South*—a tract written by the hero of this book—might, had it not sounded quite so pompous, have served as subtitle of *The View from Pompey's Head.*

But if the book contains an underlying argument, if Mr. Basso has developed into something of a moralist, he also proves himself a novelist who knows well the twists and turns of human behavior and of good narrative. Rarely are past and present interwoven within the pages of a book to build and maintain so much suspense; rarely does a novelist manage with such skill to flash back and forth in time and setting.

True, there is nothing outstanding to distinguish Mr. Anson Page as a hero. Partner in the New York law firm of Roberts, Guthrie, Barlowe & Paul, rather shy and somewhat plodding, he nevertheless has the vision—neither astigmatic nor especially farsighted—through which

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we get the view from Pompey's Head. His chief justification as protagonist is that of having been born down in "Old Pompey" and, impelled more by hurt pride than ambition, of having moved to New York to start afresh. His advantage, therefore, is that of perspective. When, after fifteen years away from home, he goes back on what promises to be a sleeveless errand for his firm, he finds himself straddling two worlds and belonging, inevitably, to neither.

Being a literate fellow even though not a graduate of an Eastern school, and certainly more interested in things like books than his horsy boss, Mr. Barlowe, Page is called upon to handle a case which might well develop into the great literary scandal of the day and destroy Duncan & Co., publishers. Their legendary editor, now dead, has been accused since his demise by the wife of their most famous author of having embezzled twenty thousand dollars from his royalties. It is to try to determine whether or not these funds were disbursed by the editor at the author's request, and thus if possible to clear the dead man's name, that Anson Page goes down to Pompey's Head, where, on an island, the now blind author is being held incommunicado by his wife.

The Dream of Home

This somewhat melodramatic scandal serves as an excuse and a whet to suspense for a story that is far less concerned with the editor's good name, the famous author's helplessness, and the legal problems these involve than with Anson Page's return home and his discovery that home, no matter how deep your roots, is a place you can't go back to again. From New York Page had looked homeward longingly; from Pompey's Head New York looks like home. But it is not the changes in Pompey's Head since Page left—the new business enterprises, the new residential avenues, the new admissions to the Light Infantry Club, the surprising marriages, the almost overwhelming fulfillment of his old friend Dinah's early promise—that kill the dream of home. Rather, it is what in Pompey's Head has remained the same—the Shinto tradition, the evaluation of people by their ancestry unto the third and fourth generation and the second cousins twice removed, and the question of social position which, for them, is not only the measure of their worth in the eyes of others but in their own. From Pompey's Head, the view narrows down to a straight line between social blinders. In the home Page seeks, a man must be accepted for what he is.

Here and there within Mr. Basso's flashbacks, some of the recapitulations are overtenderly drawn out, but on the whole the long hand of the past is well gloved in the present and the two become one. And for the very reason that there is nothing, save perhaps a more than usual integrity, to set Anson Page apart from his fellow men, and nothing about his wife Meg in New York or his friend Dinah in Pompey's Head to mark them exceptional except to himself, above all nothing about any of "Old Pompey's" inhabitants to single them out for horror, disgust, or pity, no Charles Addams ghoulishness (unless in the jailed author and his jailer wife) so familiar in novels of the South, Mr. Basso's book is peculiarly convincing. You may not have met the Garricks, Blackfords, Robinses, and Higginses; you may not have driven out to the Oasis to dance or down to the Marlborough Bar for a drink; you may not have seen the new Azalea Drive or gone to Mulberry Manor for a party—but you have known such persons and seen such places somewhere else, as you also have known such men as Page's law partner and the editors of Duncan & Co. up North and Page's streamlined wife; and you have seen Wall Street and Madison Avenue offices in the March equinoctials.

You may not be deeply troubled by these people but you will not forget them either, because they are Americans, your friends and yourself. Whether or not the Shinto tradition is strictly Southern, whether there have not always been and are not still groups in every human community who set their sights no higher than those of "Old Pompey," is perhaps an irrelevant question. What matters is that with regret or indignation, with tolerance or acquiescence, you cannot fail to recognize the view from Pompey's Head.

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BOOK NOTES

Democracy's Noxious Weeds

AMERICAN DEMAGOGUES: TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Reinhard H. Luthin. *The Beacon Press. $5.*

PROFESSOR Luthin's ten demagogues are as good a choice as anybody's: James M. Curley of Massachusetts, Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi, William Hale Thompson of Chicago, William H. Murray of Oklahoma, Frank Hague of Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Ferguson of Texas (considered as one person), the elder Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, Vito Marcantonio of New York City, Huey P. Long of Louisiana, and Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin.

Each personality is given a chapter of about thirty pages replete with generally accurate information not readily available elsewhere; this is especially true of the now happily obscure figures who flourished early in the century. There is also a penetrating introductory chapter, "Masters of the Masses: Early Twentieth Century." An epilogue, "The Mark of the Demagogue," is mostly repetition of preceding material.

Perhaps in a mistaken effort to entertain a wide audience, Professor Luthin writes in a distracting journalese peppered with unnecessary quotation marks, random punctuation, and inelegant variations (the Hub City, the Bay State). There are also evidences of haste—minor characters introduced by surname and no other identification, vague chronology (the Seventeenth Congress, not the Seventh, met in 1821), and too many typos—though "gubernational" is a word worth promoting.

To quote the quoting author, "The demagogues, while preaching and posing as 'men of the people,' are not averse to 'doing business' with the 'interests' whom they blisteringly assail on the stump. While they make dramatic displays of distributing milk to the poor, they all too often—in a sense—skim the cream off for themselves. Once chosen for office, they usually fail to live up to their campaign promises."

Professor Luthin doesn't tax Marcantonio with these sins, but fails to show how the lot of his constituents was improved by the Democratic-Republican-Liberal arrangement that elected the reactionary James G. Donovan. Joe McCarthy also "deviates from the other demagogues. He does not denounce the 'interests'; in fact, he is most friendly to them, particularly the Texas oil operators. In the 1950's, an age of prosperity for most Americans . . . McCarthy has realized the futility of an appeal to the underprivileged on economic class lines. Instead, he capitalizes on the deep American fear and hatred of Communism."

American Demagogues has an extensive bibliography, an index, and the standard introduction by Allan Nevins.

●

Nonfiction Is Stranger . . .

A GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE WRITING, edited by Clive Howard. *Scribner's. $4.95.*

THIS "handbook" is an anthology of nonfiction by members of the Society of Magazine Writers, whose "basic requirements for membership were [and are] four published articles in a specified list of leading magazines within the year preceding application." Each selection is prefaced or followed by the author's explanation of how and why he produced "what he considered the best article he had ever written," according to the back flap of the dust jacket. This is a more factual claim than that on the front: "Included are more than 30 of the best articles ever published."

Like the informative introduction by Morton Sontheimer, these explanations show that even the established free-lance writer's rewards —say $1,500 to $2,000 for an article— are won only with travail (perhaps eight or ten weeks' research on one piece), frequently a good deal of travel, and often some traumatic experiences.

Indeed, Booton Herndon's explanation of "That Others May Live" reads like a slice of the life of Sam Spade or Mike Hammer. Herndon had all the material he needed for a sympathetic story on Ellenton, South Carolina, the largest town (pop. 746) doomed by the construction of the AEC's Savannah River plant, when he and a *Redbook* photographer were mobbed and beaten by the congregation of the local Baptist Church. They were glad to get away alive. "We drove straight to New York, stopping only for gas, and then only in big cities at well-lit stations. It may sound silly to you, but I was scared."

On his return, Herndon's effort to write a sympathetic story gave him a bad case of writer's block. "I got loaded. . . . I didn't know what to do. . . . Everybody tried to help. One editor suggested that I try getting drunk, another seriously suggested a sexual orgy. . . . I got awful drunk again that night. Have no idea what happened, but by that time my wife realized something was the matter with me, and she took good and sympathetic care of me." In the March 6, 1951, *Reporter,* which also carried a sympathetic Ellenton article, our Contributors box simply said, "George McMillan has been given a Guggenheim Fellowship to work on a social history of the South."

Most research is not so strenuous as Herndon's, but it can have the fascination of professional Spade work. Often the writer will enlist the aid of a hundred people in his relentless search for facts, most of which may be jettisoned in revising and editing. As general nuisances, free-lancers rank with alcoholics.

Take "The Wondrous Automat," by Tom Mahoney and Mort Weisinger. In an eight-page build-up to their four-page account, they tell of eight years' intermittent effort to collect data on the Automats, whose management "had an almost pathological aversion to magazine notice." They enlisted the aid of libraries, morgues (publications'), police files, boards of health, the conductor of a radio quiz program, union officials —and the firm itself. "We prevailed upon a mutual friend, an attractive woman writer, to pretend she was a domestic science teacher who wished to be conducted through the commissary . . . This ruse worked."

Then they brought forth a mouse of formula writing, replete with statistics and artfully placed human-interest touches—pleasant enough for *Reader's Digest* to plant in *Pageant* and reprint the next month, for tens of millions to read in five minutes and forget in ten.

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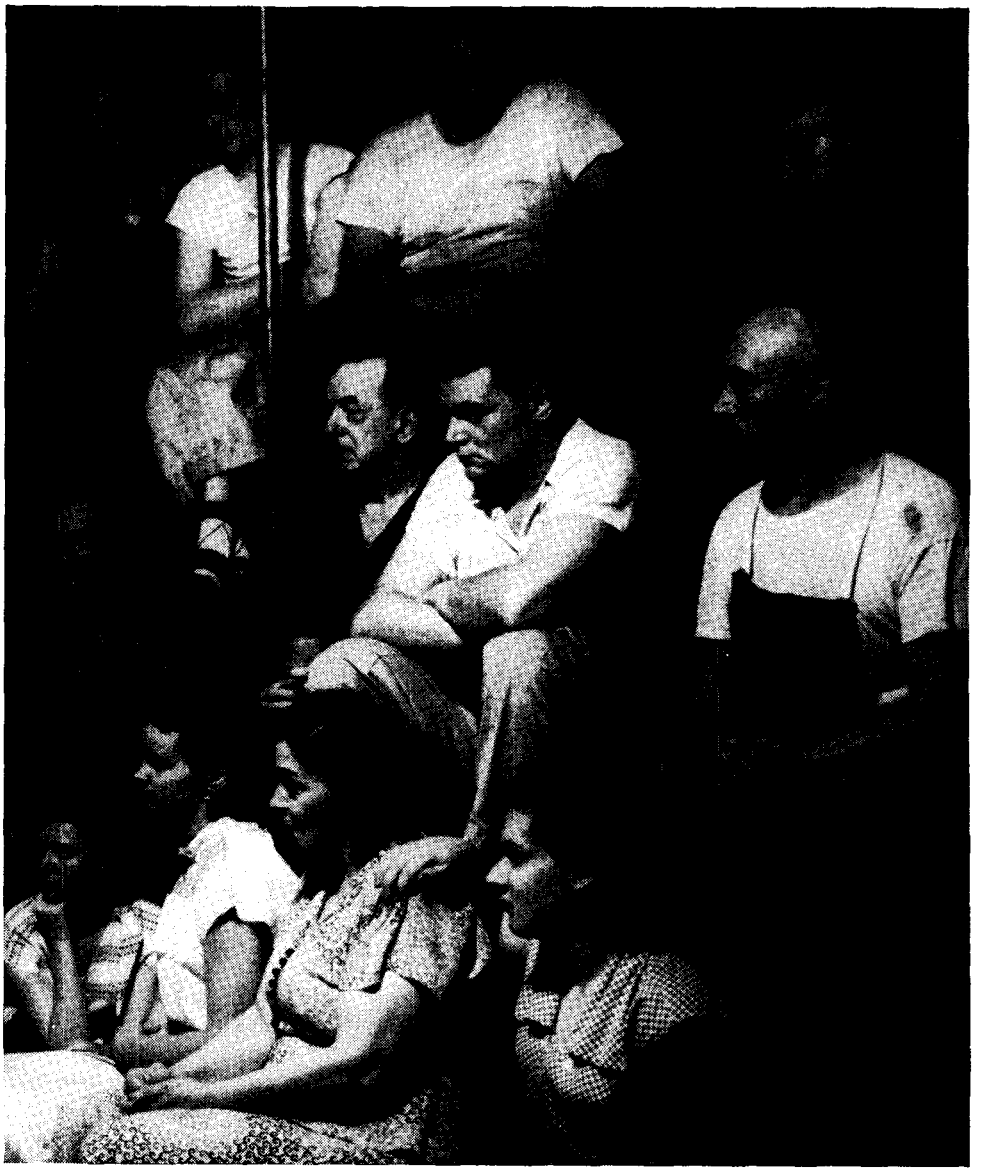

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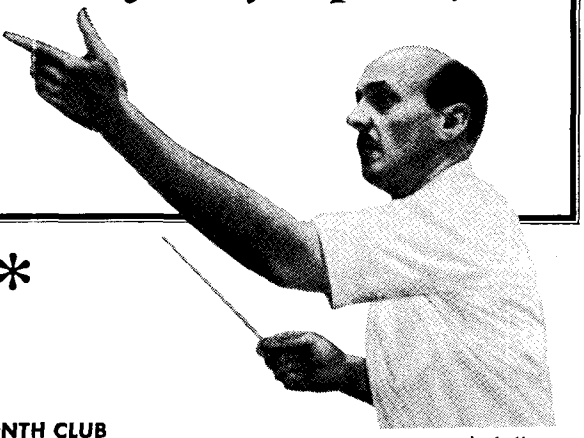

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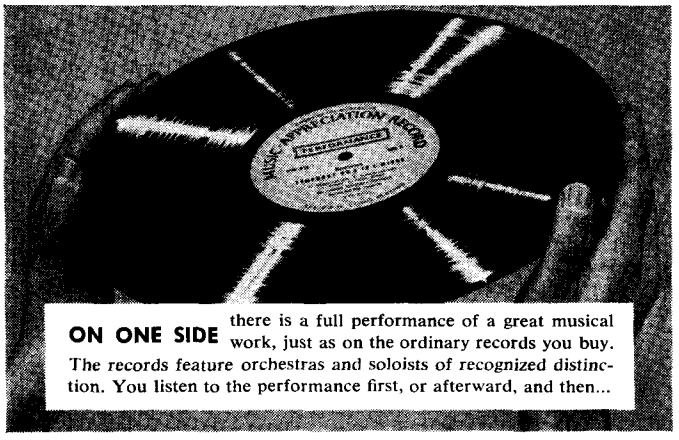

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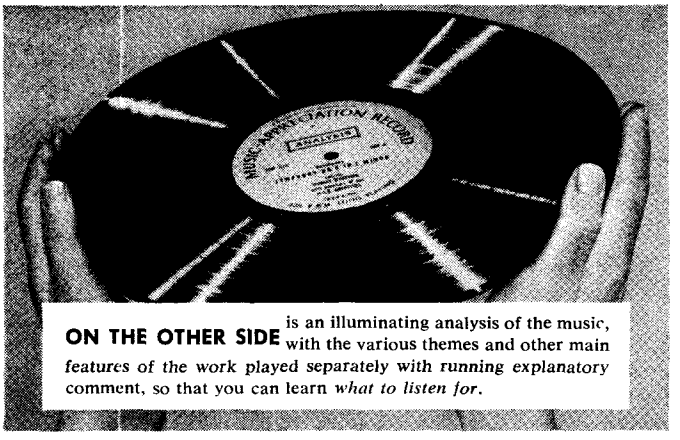

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